THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The

SEPTEMBER SPECIAL NUMBER

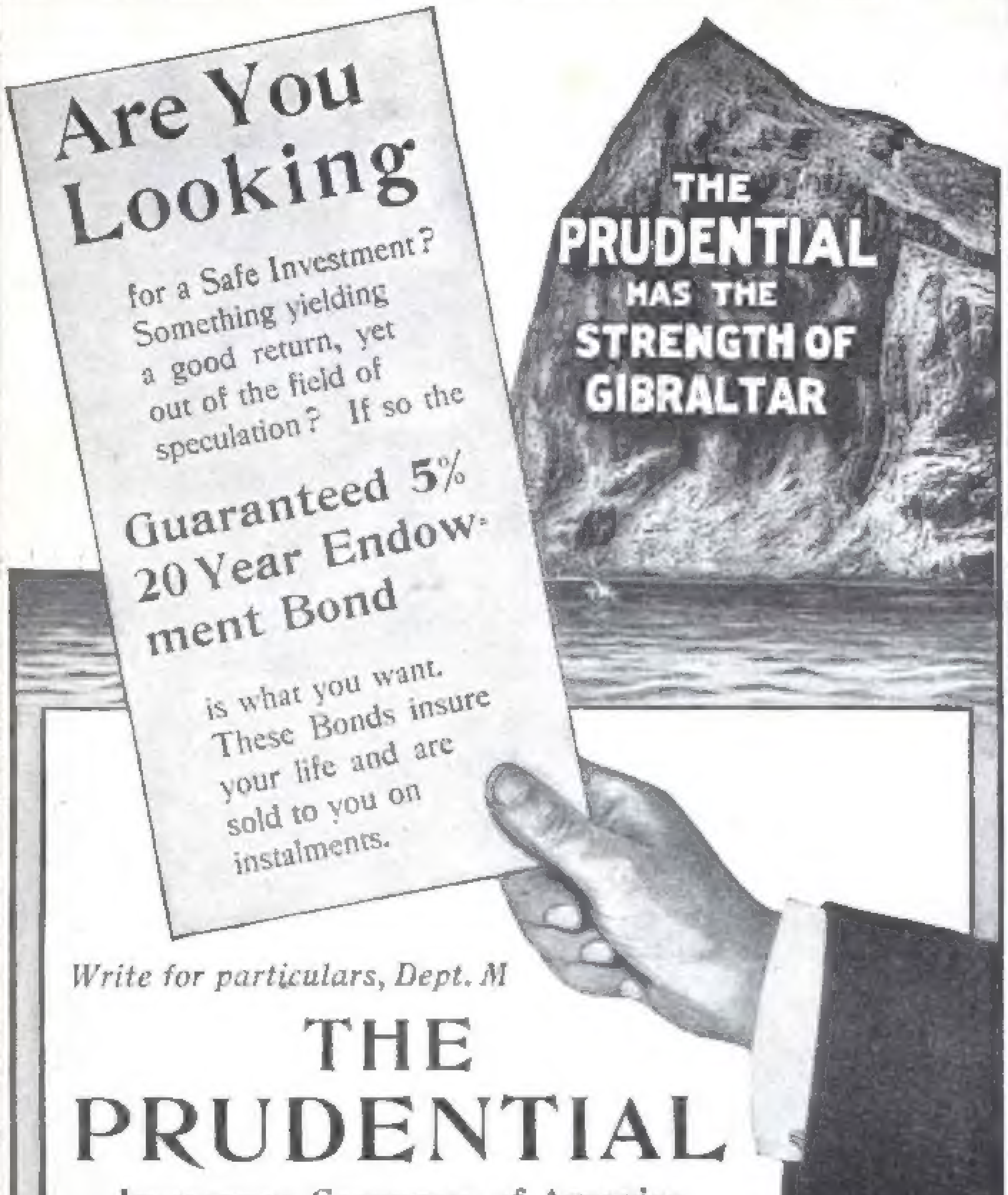
Beginning

THE PIT

A ROMANCE OF CHICAGO

By Frank Norris

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia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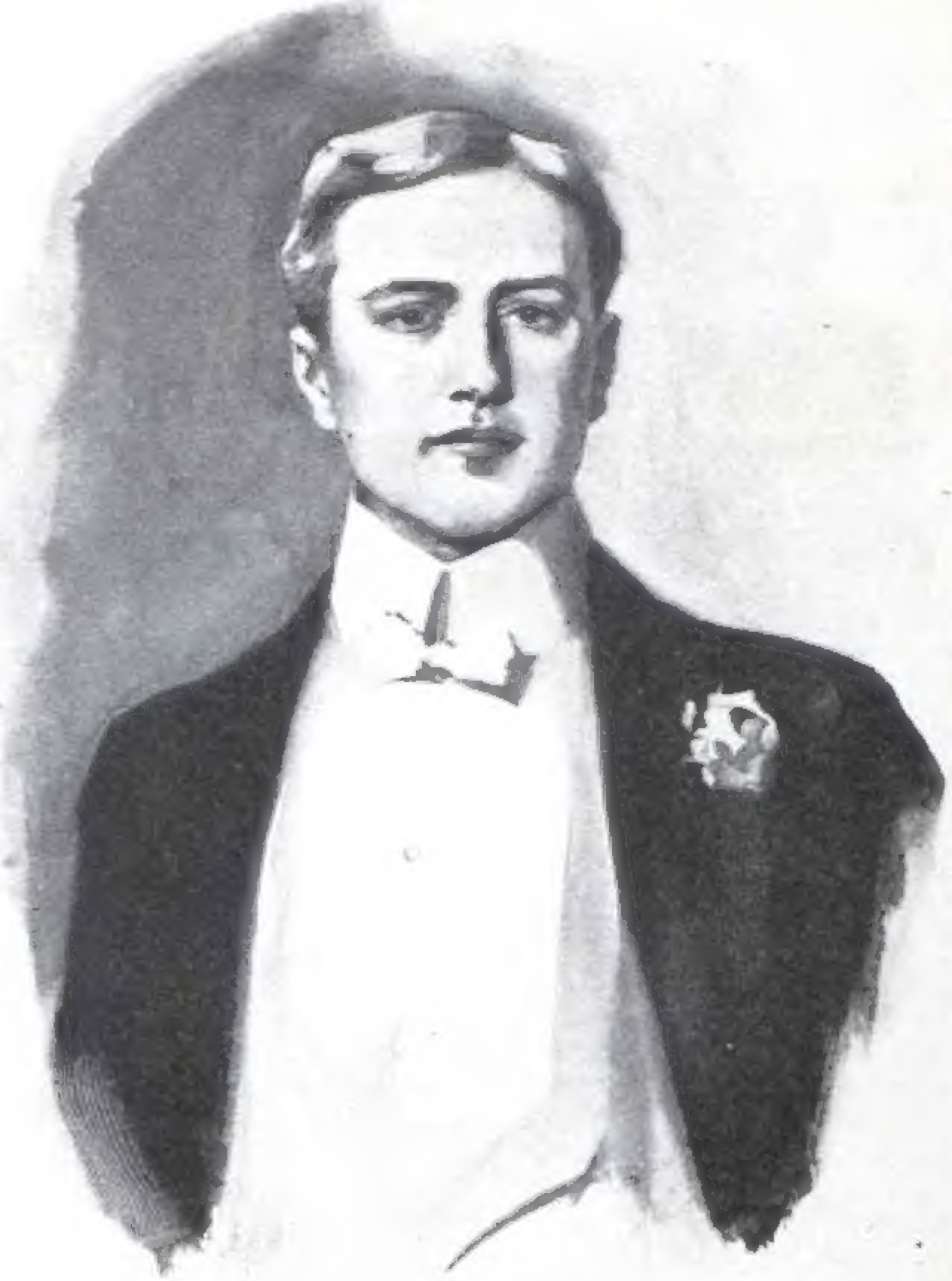

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THE odor left by a highly scented toilet soap is not agreeable to most people of refined tastes. A delicate perfume may be used after an Ivory Soap bath with much more pleasing effect. Ivory Soap leaves only a comfortable feeling of perfect cleanliness.

PAGE MISSING

PAGE MISSING

In the foyer, as the gentlemen were checking their coats, Laura overheard Jadwin say to Mr. Cressler:

"Well, how about Helmick?"

The other made an impatient movement of his shoulders.

"Ask *me;* what was the fool thinking of—a corner! Pshaw!"

There were one or two other men about making their overcoats and opera hats into neat bundles preparatory to checking them, and instantly there was a flash of a half-dozen eyes in the direction of the two men. Evidently the collapse of the Helmick deal was in the air. All the city seemed interested.

But from behind the heavy curtains that draped the entrance to the theatre proper came a muffled burst of music, followed by a long salvo of applause. Laura's cheeks flamed with impatience and she hurried after Mrs. Cressler; Corthell drew the curtains for her to pass, and she entered.

"Too bad," he whispered as they followed the others down the side-aisle to the box—"Too bad, this is the second act already; you've missed the whole first act—and this song. She'll sing it over again, though, just for you, if I have to lead the applause myself. I particularly wanted you to hear that."

The applause died away and the contralto once more sang the aria. The melody was simple, the tempo easily followed; it was not a very high order of music. But to Laura it was nothing short of a revelation.

She sat spellbound, her hands clasped tight, her every faculty of attention at its highest pitch. It was wonderful, such music as that; wonderful, such a voice; wonderful, such orchestration; wonderful, such exaltation inspired by mere beauty of sound. Never, never was this night to be forgotten, this her first night of Grand Opera.

The great soprano, the prima donna, appeared and delivered herself of a song for which she was famous with astonishing éclat. Then in a little while the stage grew dark, the orchestration lapsed to a murmur, and the tenor and the soprano reëntered. He clasped her in his arms and sang a half-dozen bars; then, holding her hand, one arm still about her waist, withdrew from her gradually, till she occupied the front centre of the stage. He assumed an attitude of adoration and wonderment, his eyes uplifted as if entranced, and she, very softly, to the accompaniment of the sustained, dreamy chords of the orchestra, began her solo.

Laura shut her eyes. Never had she felt so soothed, so cradled and lulled and languid. Ah, to love like that! To love and be loved. There was no such love as that to-day. She wished that she could loose her clasp upon the sordid, material modern life that, perforce, she must hold to she knew not why, and drift, drift off into the past, far away, through rose-colored mists and diaphanous veils, or resign herself, reclining in a silver skiff drawn by swans, to the gentle current of some smooth-flowing river that ran on forever and forever.

But a discordant element developed. Close by—the lights were so low she could not tell where—conversation, kept up in low whispers, began by degrees to intrude itself upon her attention. Try as she would she could not shut it out, and now, as the music died away fainter and fainter, till voice and orchestra blended together in a single, barely audible murmur, vibrating with emotion, with romance and with sentiment, she heard, in a hoarse, masculine whisper, the words:

"The shortage is a million bushels at the very least. Two hundred carloads were to arrive from Milwaukee last night——"

She made a little gesture of despair, turning her head for an instant, searching the gloom about her. But she could see no one not interested in the stage. Why could not men leave their business outside, why must the jar of commerce spoil all the harmony of this moment. However, all sounds were drowned suddenly in a long burst of applause. The tenor and soprano bowed and smiled across the footlights. The soprano vanished, only to reappear on the balcony of the pavilion, and while she declared that the stars and the nightbird together sang "He loves thee," the voices close at hand continued:

"——one hundred and six carloads——"

"——paralyzed the bulls——"

"——fifty thousand dollars——"

Then all at once the lights went up. The act was over.

Laura seemed only to come to herself some five minutes later. She and Corthell were out in the foyer behind the boxes. Everybody was promenading. The air was filled with the staccato chatter of a multitude of women. But she herself seemed far away—she and Sheldon Corthell. His face, dark, romantic, with the silky beard and eloquent eyes, appeared to be all she cared to see, while his low voice, that spoke close to her ear, was in a way a mere continuation of the melody of the duet just finished.

Instinctively she knew what he was about to say, for what he was trying to prepare her. She felt, too, that he had not expected to talk thus to her to-night. She knew that he loved her; that inevitably, sooner or later, they must return to a subject that for long had been excluded from their conversations, but it was to have been when they were alone, remote, secluded, not in the midst of a crowd, brilliant electrics dazzling their eyes, the humming of the talk of hundreds assaulting their ears. But it seemed as if these important things came of themselves, independent of time and place, like birth and death. There was nothing to do but to accept the situation, and it was without surprise that at last, from out the murmur of Corthell's talk, she was conscious of the words:

"So that it is hardly necessary, is it, to tell you once more that I love you?"

She drew a long breath.

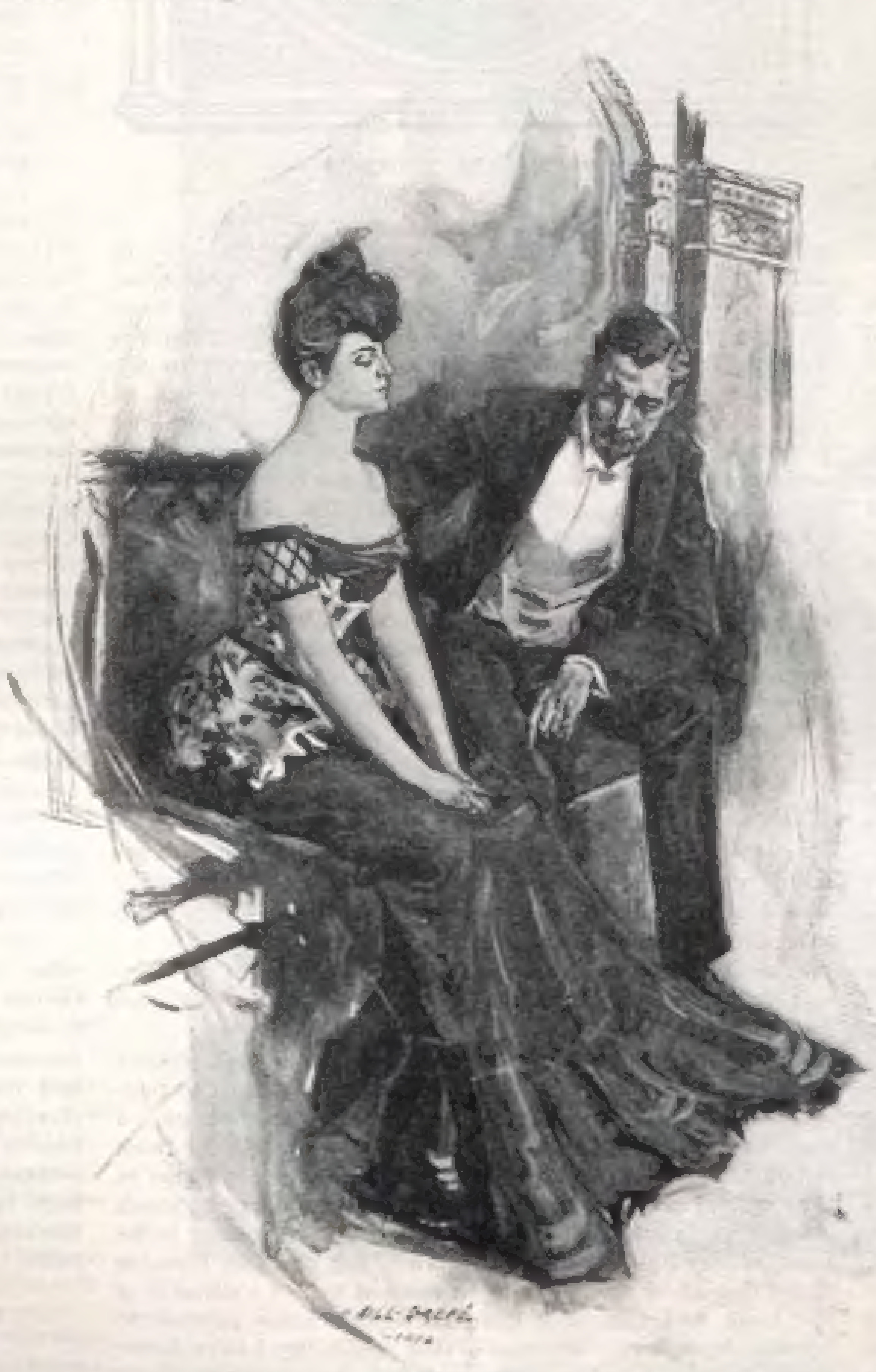
"I know. I know you love me."

They had sat down on a divan, at one end of the promenade; and Corthell, skillful enough in the little arts of the drawing-room, made it appear as though they talked of commonplaces; as for Laura, exalted, all but hypnotized with this marvelous evening, she hardly cared; she would not even stoop to maintain appearances.

"Yes, yes," she said; "I know you love me."

"And is that all you can say?" he urged. "Does it mean nothing to you that you are everything to me?"

She was coming a little to herself again. Love was, after all, sweeter in the actual—even in this crowded foyer, in this atmosphere of silk and jewels, in this show-place of a great city's society—than in a mystic garden of some romantic dreamland. She felt herself a woman again, modern, vital, and no longer a maiden of a legend of chivalry.



"I SHOULD RATHER HAVE YOU LOVE ME THAN—NOT"

"Nothing to me?" she answered. "I don't know. I should rather have you love me than—not."

"Let me love you, then, for always," he went on. "You know what I mean. We have understood each other from the very first. Plainly, and very simply, I love you with all my heart. You know now that I speak the truth, you know that you can trust me. I shall not ask you to share your life with mine. I ask you for the great happiness"—he raised his head sharply, suddenly proud—"the great honor of the opportunity of giving you all that I have of good. God give me humility, but that is much since I have known you. If I were a better man because of myself, I would not presume to speak of it, but if I am in anything less selfish, if I am more loyal, if I am stronger, or braver, it is only something of you that has become a part of me, and made me to be born again. So, when I offer myself to you, I am only bringing back to you the gift you gave me for a little while. I have tried to keep it for you, to keep it bright and sacred and unspotted."

Laura looked up at length, and as their glances met he saw that there were tears in her eyes. This declaration of his love for her was the last touch to the greatest exhilaration of happiness she had ever known. Ah yes, she was loved, just as that young girl of the opera had been loved. For this one evening, at least, the beauty of life was unmarred, and no cruel word of hers should spoil it. The world was beautiful. All people were good and noble and true. To-morrow, with the material round of duties and petty responsibilities and cold, calm reason, was far, far away. Suddenly she turned to him, surrendering to the impulse, forgetful of consequences.

"Oh, I am glad, glad," she cried, "glad that you love me!"

But before Corthell could say anything more Landry Court and Page came up.

"We've been looking for you," said the young girl quietly. Page was displeased She took herself and her sister—in fact, the whole scheme of existence—with extraordinary seriousness. She had no sense of humor. She was not tolerant; her ideas of propriety and the amenities were as immutable as the fixed stars. A fine way for Laura to act, getting off into corners with Sheldon Corthell. It would take less than that to make talk. If she had no sense of her obligations to Mrs. Cressler, at least she ought to think of the looks of things."

"They're beginning again," she said solemnly. "I should think you'd feel as though you had missed about enough of this opera."

They returned to the box. The rest of the party were reassembling.

"Well, Laura," said Mrs. Cressler, when they had sat down, "do you like it?"

"I don't want to leave it—ever," she answered. "I could stay here always."

Jadwin, who had been smoking a cigar in the vestibule during the *entr'acte*, rubbed his chin reflectively.

"Well," he said, "it's all very fine. I've no doubt of that, but I give you my word I would rather hear my old governor take his guitar and sing 'Father, oh father, come home with me now,' than all the fiddle-faddle, tweedle-deedle opera business in the whole world."

But the orchestra was returning, the musicians crawling out one by one from a little door beneath the stage hardly bigger than the entrance of a rabbit hutch. They settled themselves in front of their racks, adjusting their coat-tails, fingering their sheet music.

"This is the great act," whispered Mrs. Cressler, leaning over Laura's shoulder. "It is superb later. Superb."

"I wish those *men* would stop talking," murmured Laura, searching the darkness distressfully, for between the strains of the music she had heard the words:

"——Clearing House balance of three thousand dollars."

During the last *entr'acte* Laura remained in the box with Mrs. Cressler, Corthell and Jadwin. The others went out to look down upon the foyer from a certain balcony, and Mrs. Cressler turned to the artist, passing him her opera-glasses, and asking:

"Who are those people down there in the third row of the parquet—see, on the middle aisle—the woman is in red. Aren't those the Gretrys?"

This left Jadwin and Laura out of the conversation, and the capitalist was quick to seize the chance of talking to her. Soon she was surprised to notice that he was trying hard to be agreeable, and before they had exchanged a dozen sentences he had turned an awkward compliment. She guessed by his manner that paying attention to young girls was for him a thing altogether unusual. Intuitively she divined that she, on this, the very first night of their acquaintance, had suddenly interested him.

She had had neither opportunity nor inclination to observe him closely during their interview in the vestibule, but now, as she sat and listened to him talk, she could not help being a little attracted. He was a heavy-built man, would have made two of Corthell, and his hands were large and broad, the hands of a man of affairs, who knew how to grip, and, above all, how to hang on. Those broad, strong hands and keen, calm eyes would enfold and envelope a Purpose with tremendous strength, and they would persist and persist and persist, unswerving, unwavering, untiring, till the Purpose was driven home. And the two long, lean, fibrous arms of him—what a reach they could attain, and how wide and huge and even formidable would be their embrace of affairs. One of those great manœuvres of a fellow money-captain had that very day been concluded, the Helmick failure, and between the chords and bars of a famous opera men talked in excited whispers, and one great leader lay at that very moment broken and spent, fighting with his last breath for bare existence. Jadwin had seen it all.

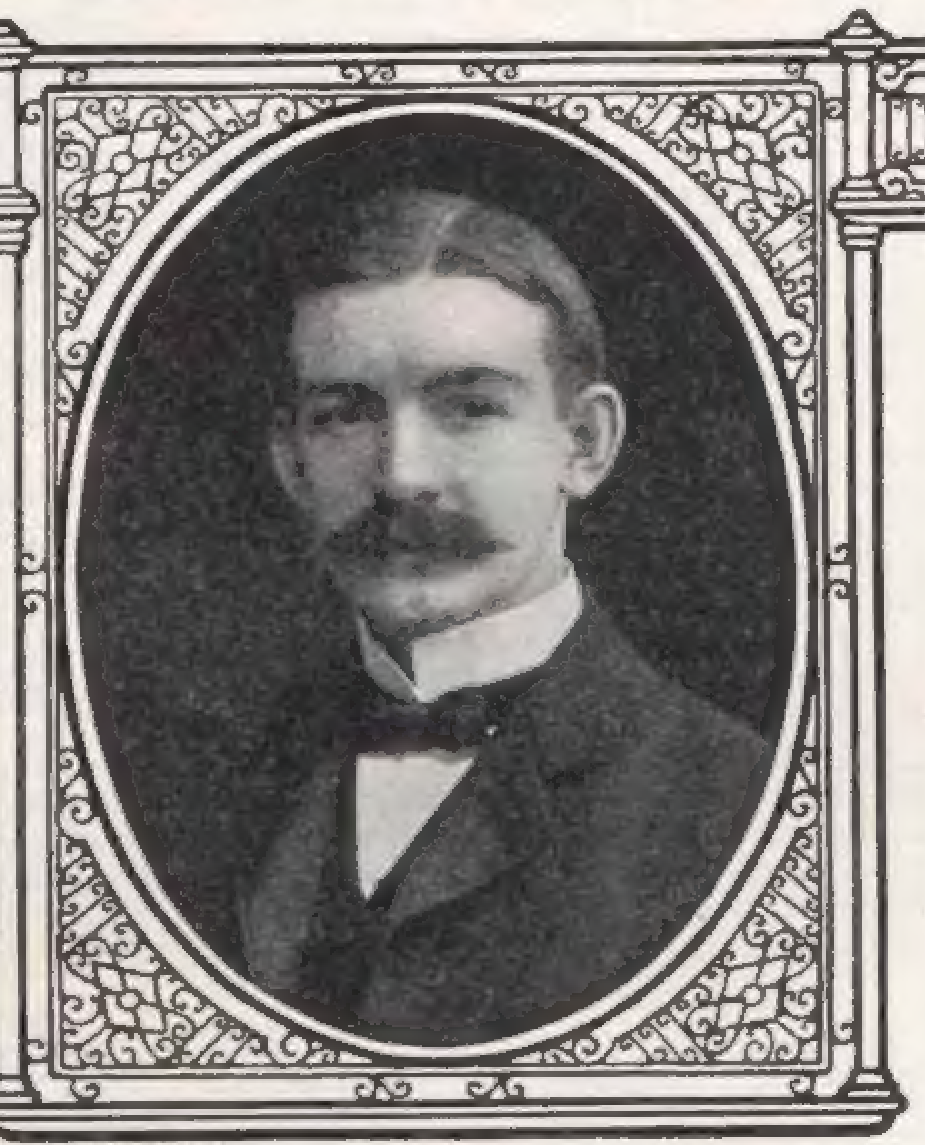
(Continued on Page 18)

BANK WRECKING AND SALVING

THE MAN WHO MANAGES INSOLVENT BANKS. THE DOCTOR AND THE UNDERTAKER OF THE BANKING BUSINESS. SOME FINANCIAL FUNERALS

By Charles G. Dawes

Former Comptroller of the Currency



MR. CHARLES G. DAWES

NATIONAL banks in the United States are managed, as a rule, with marked ability, conservatism and integrity, and insolvent national banks are the rare exception. Again it should be remembered that only the most picturesque incidents in connection with this peculiar phase of bank management have sufficient novelty to make them entertaining to readers outside the ranks of those who study this problem from a professional viewpoint. With these points in mind a glimpse at this page of banking history may be had without unconsciously gaining the false impression that "bank wrecking" is a common practice, and that banking is anything less than the most cautiously conducted business of the country. And in attempting to point out the weak spots in general banking methods, with suggestions of safeguards which would tend to diminish the number of national banks forced into insolvency, the point that I have just emphasized should not be lost sight of or forced into the background.

In attempting to realize the nature and extent of the task which confronts a Comptroller in managing the affairs of all the national banks of the country which are in process of liquidation owing to insolvency, it is necessary to recall the relation of the bank to the public which it serves.

It is, so to speak, the financial switchboard of the entire business community. All the live commercial wires centre at the bank. There is scarcely a monetary transaction of any moment in any community which does not in some manner record itself at the bank — and generally the attitude of the bank toward any enterprise of importance is vital.

This implies that as the manager of the insolvent national banks of the country the Comptroller of the Currency finds himself charged with the direct control of a great variety of enterprises which are among the assets of the liquidating bank. Thus, at the same time, the Comptroller becomes at once the responsible manager of scores of farms, stores, factories and other examples of the more common forms of investment. In addition to this he is never without a choice list of novelties in his collection of bank assets. One Comptroller, for example, acquired, in his capacity as custodian of bank assets, a small herd of buffaloes, and in discharge of his duties was obliged thoroughly to post himself on the demand for buffaloes on the hoof. However, he managed this peculiar enterprise well and made the most of his shaggy herd.

The Comptroller a Wholesale Business Manager

There is seldom a time when the Comptroller has not under his management several mines of various kinds: properties which must be handled with good judgment in order to avoid great sacrifice. Frequently this official has an opportunity to demonstrate his ability as a railroad manager, for in one or another part of the country some insolvent bank is almost sure to count a street railroad among its assets. Occasionally a larger intramural road of first class importance, with all its complicated traffic and legal problems, gets into this class, and the task of making it "pay out" without heavy shrinkage is a serious undertaking of no small magnitude. Of this class the Chicago Calumet Electric Road, in which over three and one-half million dollars of the money of depositors in the defunct National Bank of Illinois is invested, is the most important example.

To all practical purposes the Comptroller of the Currency finds himself in the position of the private capitalist who has scattered his investments in a wide variety of enterprises. His lieutenants are the Receivers who are appointed directly to administer the affairs of each insolvent bank, and to these men are left the details of making the most of the assets in their charge. But the Comptroller must keep a vigilant eye upon all those diverse properties and know that his policy regarding each is being faithfully carried out.

Naturally many insolvent banks have one asset of major importance, upon the management of which largely depends the success of the liquidation. In one instance this is a street railway, in another a mine, a ranch, a manufactory, a plantation, a theatre, a newspaper, or an electric and gas plant. In the history of the Comptrollership hundreds of mines and several breweries have been administered.

Inevitably many curious and interesting situations arise in the management of so diverse a collection of properties. Among the main assets of the Chestnut Street National Bank which became insolvent were the securities of the Philadelphia Record. In its politics this journal was opposed to the National Administration of which the Comptroller was an appointee. There was, of course, no tampering with the politics of the journal, although, in one sense of the term, it was, through the Receiver of the national bank, indirectly under the management of the Administration. Its policy was consistently maintained, and its editors, reporters and other employees were as little disturbed as if the journal had not come under the Receiver's influence. As a consequence, it earned as high as $250,000 a year and finally sold for about $2,800,000. But at intervals through the period of the Receivership it faithfully criticised the Administration. The credit for this splendid financial outcome is principally due to George H. Earle and Richard Y. Cook, of Philadelphia.

A Capitalist's Fine Sense of Honor

One of the most pleasant experiences in connection with my administration of the office of the Comptroller of the Currency that I now recall is an episode which is well calculated to increase confidence in the integrity of human nature.

A capitalist whose name is widely known in railway circles met me in Chicago to discuss the affairs of a certain national bank. He said:

"You have just been appointed Comptroller of the Currency and the course of action which you propose to pursue in relation to this bank will largely determine my own action. I was elected a director without my own knowledge in the bank which, though not closed, is insolvent, and have continued in that official position under protest. My holdings of stock amount to $1000, and double that amount, of course, is the limit of my liability under the law. But the fact remains that I did allow my name to be used as that of a director of the bank and this may have influenced some persons to become depositors. Because of that possibility I have determined to step in and save the depositors and other creditors from loss, provided the other shareholders, without expense to them, will consent to arrangements necessary to an equable execution of this plan. And now, with this explanation of the situation, I desire to learn what is your official view of the matter."

Though I knew this man to be of large fortune he was not classed among the multi-millionaires, and the plan which he proposed involved the immediate use of a very large amount of ready money — not far from $500,000. Before he was through with the project, as I recall it, he voluntarily took upon himself the actual losses of others to the extent of nearly $1,000,000, and all because his fine sense of personal honor would not let him see depositors suffer loss by the failure of an institution with which, even without his knowledge, at first, his name had been associated. The gentleman who did this has not expected, asked or received public credit for his action, and some years have now passed since these occurrences. He is a modest man and no doubt has found his full reward in the consciousness of duty well done. But I hope he may read this and know that in the annals of the Comptroller's office there has been no more conspicuous instance of fidelity to a semi-public trust, and that among the few of us who knew how he had voluntarily taken upon himself the losses of hundreds of people of slender means he stands and shall always stand as one of Nature's true noblemen.

There are many specific causes besides the general one of financial panic that are prolific of disaster to banking enterprises. Foremost among these must be placed that of unsafe loans to officers, directors and employees of the bank making the loans. As the most useful thing that could be said on the subject of bank wrecking would be the statement of some rule to prevent it, a word on this point is not inappropriate.

Beginning with Mr. Lacey, in 1891, every Comptroller of the Currency has made some recommendation for the passage of a law restricting the making of loans by a bank to its own directors or officials. The problem is to devise such restrictions for the safety of the depositors as will discourage improper loans to directors and officers while not injuring the depositors by discouraging to too great an extent the assumption of bank directorship by the active and responsible members of the business community. My own recommendation was, in substance, that it should be made illegal for an officer or director of a bank to borrow from it without the written approval of at least two other directors.

Up to the year 1900 there were 370 failures of national banks, and of these sixty-two were clearly due to excessive accommodations to officers and directors. At that time the Comptroller made an investigation which showed that of the 28,709 directors of national banks in this country, 18,534 were, directly or indirectly, indebted to the banks under their control. These borrowing directors and 2279 officers and employees (not directors) owed their banks $202,287,441. This sum was 32.55 per cent. of the capital stock of all the national banks doing business in the country at the time. It is not to be inferred that all these loans were necessarily an abuse of privilege. On the contrary, many of them were among the safest loans of the banks in question. In fact, one of the cities in the country wherein ninety per cent. of the capital of its national banks was borrowed by their directors, officers and employees has been notably free from failures and scandals.

Then there is a clear and tangible danger of going to the other extreme of placing too severe restriction upon official borrowing — the danger of driving from the directorships of national banks the live, active and progressive men of the community. Naturally, strong and forceful men, with large and diverse interests, will not consent to serve as bank directors when that official position involves tying their own hands, to the point of hardship, as borrowers in the money market of their communities. But restrictions which will be both reasonable and effective are needed, and the National Banking Act should be so amended by Congress as to provide them.

The Efficient Work of the Bank Examiners

Putting "all the eggs in one basket" is another prolific source of banking disaster. I recall one instance which strikingly illustrates the criminal and fatal results of this practice. A national bank in a large city had in the neighborhood of $12,000,000 assets, its credit was of the best, and its stock was quoted much above par. Suddenly the Comptroller closed its doors, and the cashier of the institution took his own life. Three times the amount of its capital had been invested in a single enterprise! As each stockholder was held for a 100 per cent. assessment, the suffering caused by its liquidation was something not soon to be forgotten by the community involved. Direct defalcation on the part of officers and employees is, of course, a source of bank failures. Often quick and clever action on the part of the Bank Examiners prevents heavy loss and sometimes saves liquidation. The banks whose failure is prevented through the supervision of the National authorities and their checking of dangerous tendencies are not known to the public, but there is generally full discussion of the question of thoroughness and competency of Bank Examiners when a failure does occur. As a rule, a high degree of efficiency exists in the conduct of the Bank Examinerships of the country.

Once, when visiting a friend in one of the suburbs of Philadelphia, I received a message from a Bank Examiner who had been at work in another city. He insisted that I come at once to Philadelphia. Arriving there I found him in company with the president of a large bank in the city where he had been prosecuting his duties. A few moments disclosed the fact that there had been a defalcation to the amount of at least $600,000. As a result of the Examiner's decisive action a large part of the defalcation had been recovered before the board of directors became aware that there was any trouble in their institution. Later, through this defalcation and the depreciation of certain securities, this bank was compelled to close. Infraction of the law in the extension of credits through the certification of checks sometimes results in the wrecking of banks which are otherwise in good condition.

Throughout the entire history of bank liquidation runs a depressing strain of tragedy. Three suicides, in quick succession, followed the closing of as many banks in my own official experience, and I never ordered the appointment of a Receiver without the apprehension that perhaps I was unwittingly pushing another man to the last desperate extremity of those too proud to face the results of their own crimes.

Always the two objects first in the purpose of a Comptroller of the Currency in the liquidation of an insolvent bank are to close up the transaction with as little delay and expense as possible and to realize the maximum amount from the assets. Often it is difficult to accomplish speedy settlement without heavy sacrifice of securities, and frequently the only way in which to prevent material shrinkage is to take sufficient time to protect the enterprises in the list of assets.

The records show, however, that the cheapest liquidation of insolvent enterprises is that of national banks. This is to be in part accounted for by the fact that in this phase of his duties the Comptroller is unhampered by red tape and has free authority over the institutions under his management.

From the beginning of the Comptrollership up to 1899, for example, the amount of nominal assets liquidated was $235,636,788. Of these $101,618,174 was actually collected, with $40,000,000 nominal assets still on hand. The percentage of total expenses was only 7.15. The percentage which the creditors of these national banks received was 75.03, and this has not materially changed in subsequent years.

In that year (1899) investigation was made regarding the cost of collections under Receivers for State and private banks appointed under authority of the State courts. Information was had concerning 283 such banks which paid dividends of 42.97 per cent. The cost of administration was 16.3 per cent. of the total collections, or over twice the percentage of expense of liquidating national banks.

Of late years the plan of consolidation in the administration of insolvent banks which have reached an advanced stage of liquidation has been followed by Comptrollers with decidedly economical results. Some thirty different banks, for example, were placed under one Receiver and a small force of office assistants at Washington, with the result that the cost of the management was reduced to an average of only $427 a year for each bank.

A TYRANT AND A LADY

By Gilbert Parker

AUTHOR OF THE RIGHT OF WAY

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Synopsis of Previous Installments — Kingsley Bey, an Englishman and a friend of Donovan Pasha, also an Englishman, and of immense influence, has established a mining town in the heart of Egypt and, by the employment of slaves, whom he treats humanely, has become enormously rich. Lady May Haley, a young Englishwoman, is living in Egypt and devoting her life to uprooting slavery. She sends a letter to Kingsley Bey, keenly arguing against his owning slaves, and he promptly sends her six of them and bids her set them free. Kingsley then goes to Donovan Pasha and announces his intention of marrying Lady May. Donovan thinks the two are entire strangers. Kingsley and Donovan go to call on Lady May and, to the surprise of the Pasha, Lady May recognizes Kingsley as a friend of her girlhood, Lord Selden. She does not know that he is Kingsley Bey, whom she hates as a slave-owner. They talk together and she expresses the earnest hope that Kingsley Bey will be arrested and imprisoned, slavery being only tolerated and not legalized.

PART III

HE HAD not long to wait, and as Dicky drew nearer and looked him in the eyes, he came to his feet again, his long body gathering itself slowly up, as though for deliberate action. He felt trouble in the air, matters of moment, danger for himself, though of precisely what sort was not clear. He took a step forward, as though to shield the lady from possible affront.

"I fancy they want to see me," he said. He recognized the officer — Foulik Pasha, of the Khedive's household.

The Pasha salaamed. Dicky drew over to the lady with a keen, warning glance at Kingsley. The Pasha salaamed again, and Kingsley responded in kind.

"Good-day to you, Pasha," he said.

"May the dew of the morning bring flowers to your life, Excellency," was the reply. He salaamed now toward the lady, and Kingsley murmured his name to her.

"Will you not be seated?" she said, and touched a chair as though to sit down, yet casting a doubtful glance at the squad of men and the brilliant kavass drawn up near by. The Pasha looked from one to the other, and Kingsley spoke:

"What is it, Pasha? Her ladyship doesn't know why she should be honored."

"Ah, that makes no difference," she interposed. "Here is coffee — ah, that's right, cigarettes too! But, yes, you will take my coffee, Pasha," she urged.

The insolent look which had gathered in the man's face cleared away. He bowed, hesitated, and took the coffee, then bowed again to her.

She had caught at a difficulty; an instinctive sense of peril had taken possession of her; and, feeling that the danger was for the Englishman who had come to her out of her old life, she had interposed a diplomatic moment. She wanted to gain time before the mystery broke over her. She felt something at stake for herself.

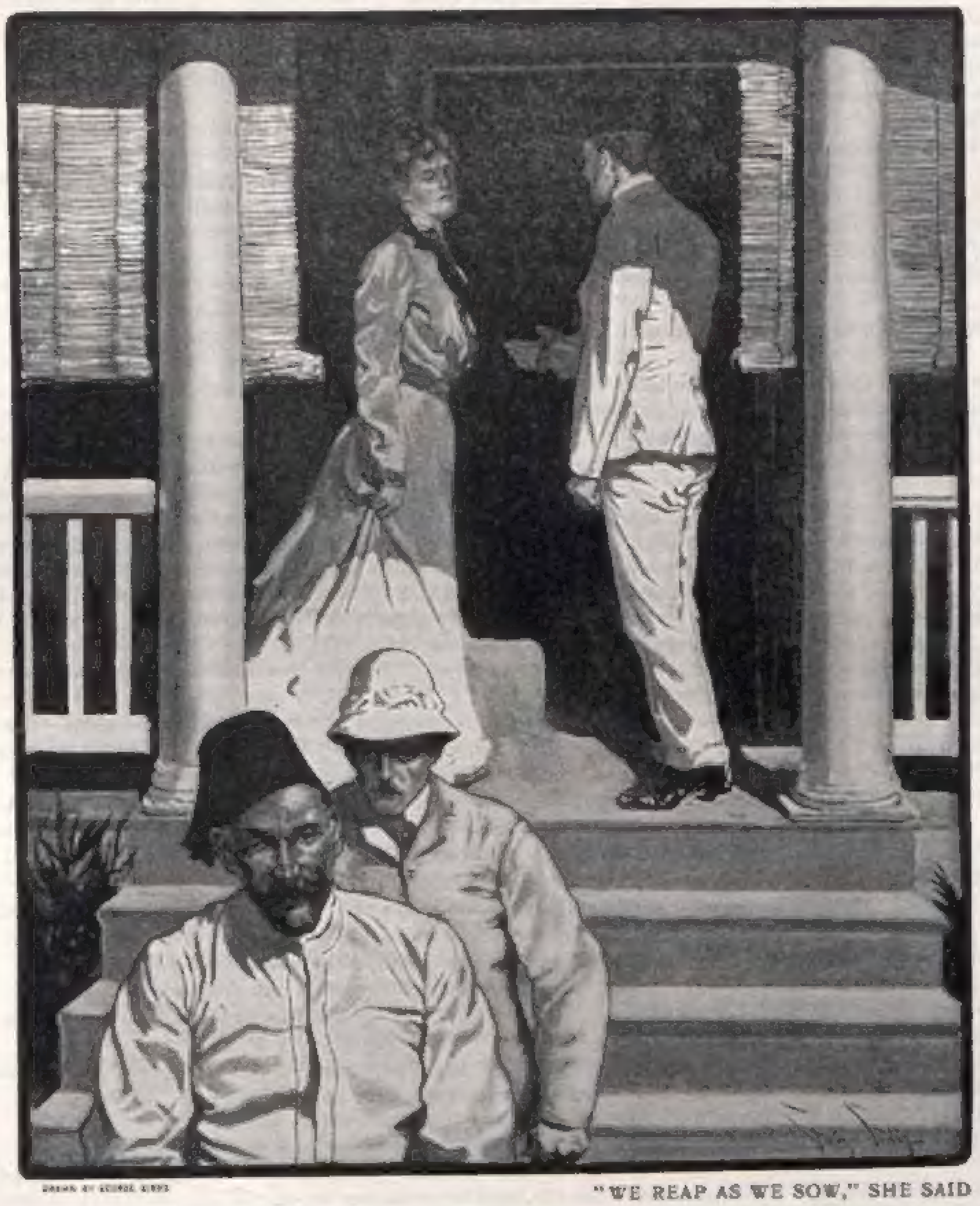
Premonition, a troubling of the spirit, told her that she was in the presence of a crisis out of which she would not come unchanged.

Dicky was talking now, helping her — asking the Pasha questions of his journey up the river, of the last news from Europe, of the Khedive's health, though he and Kingsley had left Cairo only a half-day before the Pasha.

The officer thanked the lady and salaamed again, then turned toward Kingsley.

"You wished to speak with me, perhaps, Pasha?" said Kingsley.

"If a moment of your time may have so little honor, Effendi."



DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

"WE REAP AS WE SOW," SHE SAID

Kingsley moved down the veranda shoulder to shoulder with the Pasha, and the latter's men, responding to a glance, moved down also. Kingsley saw, but gave no heed.

"What's up, Pasha?" he asked in a low voice.

"The Khedive commands your return to Cairo."

"With you?"

"So, Effendi."

"Compulsion, eh? I don't see quite. I'm an Englishman, not a fellah."

"But I have my commands, Effendi."

"What's the row, Pasha?"

"Is it for the servant to know the mind of his master?"

"And if I don't go?"

The Pasha pointed to his men, and motioned toward the boat where forty or fifty others showed.

"Bosh, Pasha! That's no reason. That's flummery, and you know and the Highness knows it. That would have been all very well in the desert, but this is not the desert, and I'm not doing business with the Highness any more. What's the penalty if I don't go?"

"Twenty men will lose their heads to-morrow morning, a riot will occur, the bank where much gold is will be broken into, some one will be made poor, and——"

"Oh, never mind twaddle about my money—we'll see about that. Those twenty men — my men?"

"Your men, Effendi."

"They're seized?"

"They are in prison."

"Where?"

"At Abdin Palace."

Kingsley Bey had had a blow, but he was not dumfounded. In Egypt, the wise man is never surprised at anything, and Kingsley had gone from experience to experience without dismay. He realized the situation at once. The Khedive had been worked upon by some one in the circle, and had put on this pressure for purposes of backsheesh, or blackmail, or whatever it might be called. His mind was made up at once.

"Very well, Pasha. Though there's no reason why I should go with you except to suit myself. You'll excuse me for a moment?" He turned back.

Meanwhile, Dicky had been distracting the mind of the lady with evasive and cheerful suggestion of urgent business calling Kingsley to Cairo. He saw the plot that had been laid, and it made him very angry, but nothing could be done until he met the Khedive. He guessed who had filled the Khedive's mind with cupidity. He had seen old Selamlik Pasha, who had lent the Khedive much money, entering the Palace as he left with Kingsley Bey thirty-six hours before. He had hope that he could save the situation, but meanwhile he was concerned for the new situation created here at Assiout. What would Kingsley do? He knew what he himself would do in the circumstances, but in crises few men of character do the necessary thing in exactly the same way. Here was comedy of a high order, a mystery and necessary revelation of singular piquancy. To his thinking the revelation was now overdue.

He looked at the woman beside him, and he saw in her face a look it never had had before. Revelation of a kind was there; beauty, imagination, solicitude, delicate wonder were there. It touched him. He had never been arrested on his way of life by any dream of fair women, or any dream of any woman. It did not seem necessary — no one was necessary to him; he lived his real life alone, never sharing with any one that of himself which was not part of the life he lived before the world. Yet he had always been liked by men, and

Editor's Note — This four-part story began in The Saturday Evening Post of September 6.

he had been agreeable in the sight of more women than he knew, this little man with a will of iron and a friendly heart. But he laughed silently now as he saw Kingsley approaching; the situation was so beautifully invented. It did not seem quite like a thing in real life. In any other country than Egypt it would have been comic opera — Foulik Pasha and his men so egregiously important; Kingsley so overwhelmed by the duty that lay before him; the woman in a whimsically embarrassing position with the odds, the laugh, against her, yet little likely to take the obvious view of things, and so make possible a commonplace end. What would she do? What would Kingsley do? What would he, Dicky Donovan, do? He knew by the look in Kingsley's eyes that it was time for him to go. He moved down to Foulik Pasha, and, taking his arm, urged him toward the shore with a whispered word. The Pasha responded, followed by his men, but presently turned and, before Dicky could intervene — for he wanted Kingsley to make his own revelation — said courteously:

"May the truth of Allah be with you, I will await you at the boat, Kingsley Bey."

Dicky did not turn round, but, with a sharp exclamation of profanity, drew Foulik Pasha on his imbecile way.

As for Kingsley Bey, he faced a woman who, as the truth dawned upon her, stared at him in a painful silence for a moment, and then drew back to the doorway of the house as though to find sudden refuge.

Kingsley's head went round. Nothing had gone according to his anticipations. Foulik Pasha had upset things.

"Now you know — I wished to tell you myself," he said.

She answered at once, quietly, coldly, and with an even formal voice: "I did not know your name was Kingsley."

"It was my grandmother's name."

"I had forgotten—that is of no consequence, however; but ——" She stopped.

"You realize that I am ——"

"Oh, of course, Kingsley Bey—I quite understand. I thought you Lord Selden, an English gentleman. You are" — she made an impatient gesture — "well, you are English still!"

He was hit hard. The suggestion of her voice was difficult to bear.

"I am not so ungentlemanly as you think. I meant to tell you — almost at once. I thought that as an old friend I might wait a moment or two. The conversation got involved, and it grew harder every minute. Then Foulik Pasha came — and now!"

She showed no signs of relenting. "It was taking advantage of an old — acquaintance. Against your evil influence here I have been working for years, while you have grown rich out of the slavery I detest. You will pardon my plain speaking, but this is not London, and one has had to learn new ways in this life here. I do not care for the acquaintance of slave-drivers; I have no wish to extend them hospitality. The world is large and it belongs to other people, and one has to endure much when one walks abroad; but this house is my own place, a little spot all my own, and I cherish it. There are those who come to the back door, and they are fed and clothed and sent away by the hand of charity; there are those who come to the front door, and I welcome them gladly — all that I have is theirs; there are those who come to a side door, when no one sees, and take me unawares, and of them I am afraid—their presence I resent. My doors are not open to slave-drivers."

"What is the difference between the letter from the slave-driver's hand and the slave-driver himself?"

She started and flushed deeply. She took the letter slowly from her pocket and laid it on the table.

"I thought it a letter from a man who was *openly* doing wrong, and who repented a little of his wrong-doing. I thought it a letter from a stranger, from an Englishman who, perhaps, had not had such advantages of birth and education as came to you."

"Yet you had a good opinion of the letter. There seemed no want of education and all that there — won't you be reasonable, and let me explain? Give me half a chance."

"I do not see where explanations can mend anything. The men you sent me to free: that was a — well, call it a manœuvre, to achieve what I cannot tell. Is it not so? The men are not free. Is it not so?"

"I am afraid they are not free," he answered, smiling in spite of himself.

"Your coming here was a manœuvre also — for what purpose I do not know. Yet it was a manœuvre, and I am — or was to be — the victim of the plot." She smiled scornfully. "I trust you may yet be the victim of your own conduct."

"In more ways than one, maybe. Don't you think, now that the tables are turned, that you might have mercy on 'a prisoner and a captive'?"

She looked at him inquiringly, then glanced toward the shore where Dicky stood talking with Foulik Pasha. Her eyes came back slowly and again asked a question. All at once intelligence flashed into her eyes.

"You wished to see Kingsley Bey a prisoner; you have your wish," he said smiling.

"Whose prisoner?" she asked, still coldly.

"The Khedive's."

A flash of triumph crossed her face. Her heart beat hard. Had it come at last, the edict to put down slavery? Had the Khedive determined to put an end to the work of Kingsley Bey in his desert city — and to Kingsley Bey himself? . . . Her heart stopped beating now. She glanced toward Dicky Donovan, and her pulses ran more evenly again. Would the Khedive have taken such a step unless under pressure? And who in Egypt could have, would have, persuaded him, save Dicky Donovan? Yet Dicky was here with his friend Kingsley Bey. The mystery troubled her, and the trouble got into her eyes.

"You are going to Cairo, then?" she said, glancing toward the boat.

"It would seem so."

"And Donovan Pasha goes, too?"

"I hope so. I am not sure."

"But he *must* go," she said a little sharply.

"Yes?"

"He — you must have somebody, and he has great power."

"That might or might not be to my benefit. After all, what does it matter?" He saw that she was perturbed, and he pressed his advantage.

She saw, however, and retreated. "We reap as we sow," she said, and made as if to go inside the house. "You have had the game; you must pay for the candles out of your earnings."

"I don't mind paying what's fair. I don't want other people to pay."

She turned angrily on him, he could not tell why. "You don't want others to pay! As if you could do anything that didn't affect others. Did you learn that selfishness at Skaw Fell, or was it born with you? You are of those who think they earn all their own success and happiness, and then, when they earn defeat and despair, are surprised that others suffer. As if our penalties were only paid by ourselves! Egotism, vanity! So long as you have your dance, it matters little who pays for the tune."

"I am sorry." He was bewildered; he had not expected this.

"Does a man stoop to do in a foreign land what he would not do in his own country—dare not do? One is so helpless — a woman! Under cover of an old friendship — ah!"

She suddenly turned and, before he could say a word, disappeared inside the house. He spoke her name once, twice; he ventured inside the house, and called, but she did not come.

Kingsley made his way to the veranda, and was about to leave for the shore when he heard a step behind him. He turned quickly. It was the Circassian girl, Mata.

He spoke to her in Arabic, and she smiled at him.

"What is it?" he said, for he saw she had come from her mistress.

"My lady begs to excuse — but she is tired," she said in English, which she loved to use.

"I am to go on — to prison, then?"

"I suppose. It has no matter. My lady is angry. She has to say, 'Thank you, good-by.' So, good-by," she added naively, and held out her hand.

Kingsley laughed, in spite of his discomfiture, and shook it.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I am my lady's slave," she said proudly.

"Oh, no — her servant. You can come and go as you like. You have wages."

"I am Mata, the slave — my lady's slave. All the world knows that I am her slave. Was I not given her by the Khedive, whose slave I was? May the leaves of life be green always, but I am Mata, the slave," she said stubbornly, shaking her head.

"Do you tell my lady so?"

"Wherefore should I tell my lady what she knows? Is not the truth the truth? — good-night! I had a brother who went to prison. His grave is by Stamboul. Good-night, Effendi. He was too young to die, but he had gold, and the Captain of the Citadel needed money. So, he had to die. *Malaish!* He is in the bosom of God, and prison does not last forever. Good-night, Effendi. If you, Effendi, are poor, it is well; no man will desire your life. Then you can be a slave, and have quiet nights. If you are rich, Effendi, remember my brother. Good-night, Effendi. May sacrifices be yours; . . . and my lady says good-night."

Kingsley gave her a gold piece and went down to Foulik Pasha.

As they steamed away Kingsley looked in vain to the house on the shore. There was no face at window or door, no sign of life about the place.

"Well, my bold Bey," said Donovan Pasha to him at last. "What do you think of Egypt now?"

"I'm not thinking of Egypt now."

"Did the lady deeply sympathize? Did your prescription work?"

"You know it didn't. Nothing worked. This fool Foulik came at the wrong moment."

"It wouldn't have made any difference. You see you were playing with marked cards, and that is embarrassing. You got a certificate of character by ——"

"Oh, I know. That's what she said. Never mind. I've played as I meant to play, and I'll abide the result. I said I'd marry her, and I mean to, though she gently showed me the door — beautiful, proud person!"

"She is much too good for you."

"What does that matter, if she doesn't think so?"

"My opinion is she'll never touch you or your slave-gold with a mile-measure."

Dicky did not think this, but it was his way of easing his own mind. Inwardly he was studying the situation, and wondering how he could put Kingsley's business straight.

"She thinks I'm still a 'slave-driver,' as she calls it — women are so innocent. You did your part as well as could be expected, I'm bound to say. I only wish I wasn't so much trouble to you. I owe you a lot, Dicky Pasha — everything! You got me the golden shillings to start with; you had faith in me; you opened the way to fortune, to the thing that's more than fortune, to success."

"I'm not altogether proud of you. You've messed things to-day."

"I'll set them right to-morrow — with your help. Ismail is going a bit large this time."

"He is an Oriental. A life or two — think of Sadik Pasha. Your men ——"

"Well? You think he'd do it — think he'd dare to do it?"

"Suppose they disappeared? Who could prove that Ismail did it? And if it could be proved — they're his own subjects, and the Nile is near! Who can say him nay?"

"I fancy you could — and I would."

"I can do something. I've done a little in my day; but my day, like Ismail's, is declining. They are his subjects, and he needs money, and he puts a price on their heads — that's about the size of it. Question: how much will you have to pay? How much have you in Cairo at the bank?"

"Only about ten thousand pounds."

"He'd take your draft on England, but he'll have that ten thousand pounds if he can get it."

"That doesn't matter, but as for my arrest —— "

"A trick on some trumped-up charge. If he can hold you long enough to get some of your cash that's all he wants. He knows he's got no jurisdiction over you — not a day's hold. He knows you'd give a good deal to save your men."

"Poor devils! But to be beaten by this Egyptian bull-dozer — not if I know it, Dicky!"

"Still, it may be expensive."

"Ah!" Kingsley Bey sighed, and his face was clouded, but Dicky knew he was not thinking of Ismail or the blackmail. His eyes were on the house by the shore, now disappearing, as they rounded a point of land.

"Ah!" said Donovan Pasha, but he did not sigh.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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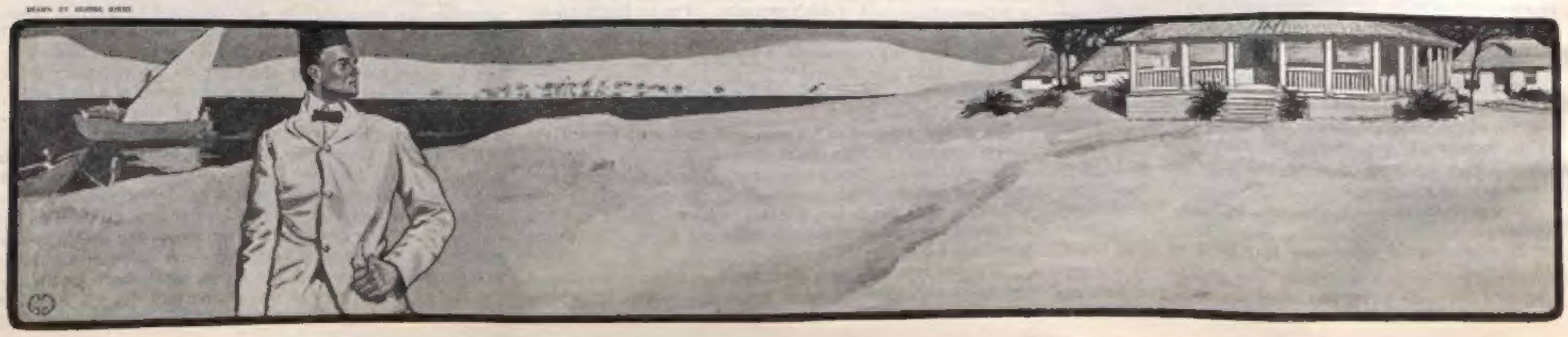

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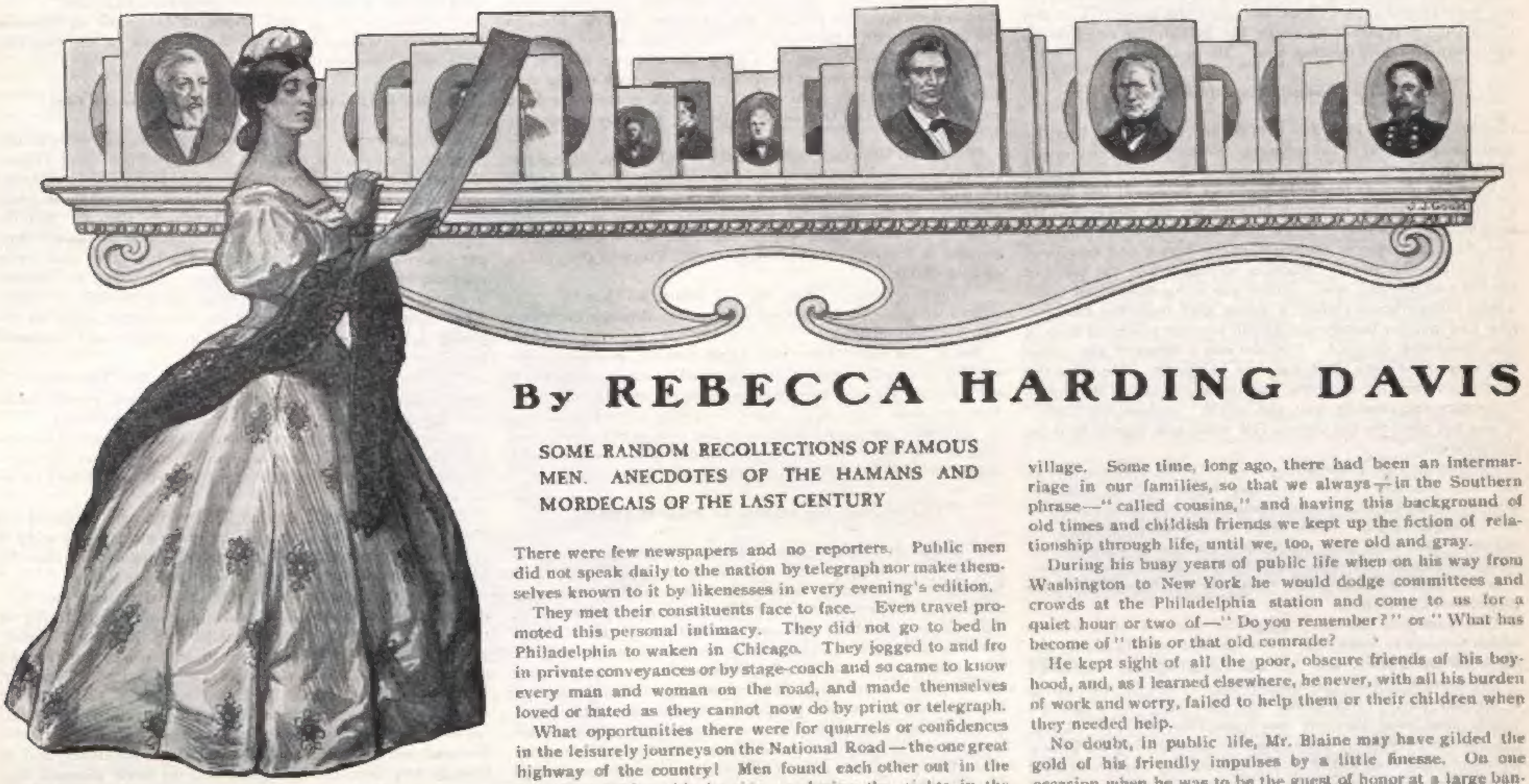

By REBECCA HARDING DAVIS

SOME RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF FAMOUS MEN. ANECDOTES OF THE HAMANS AND MORDECAIS OF THE LAST CENTURY

I HAVE been asked to give you my recollections of a few men of note whom I have happened to meet here and there—some of the Hamans and Mordecais whom Americans in the last century delighted to honor. You must remember that I am no historian, no seer into souls. I have nothing for you but such slight fading glimpses as I catch of these men when I look back.

One odd fact is, too, how little they rise now above the myriads of ordinary folk who fill for me the years that are gone; just as in a photograph of a mob in a street one sees the head of the loftiest dignitary lifted but an inch or two above the crowd. In fact, one of the unpleasant changes in us, as we grow old, is that we come to see men on a level; we begin to doubt the quality of even our lifelong heroes.

"Longfellow?" we say. "Webster? Grant? Would not Potts or White, whom we used to know, have sounded as loud trumpet calls to the world if they, too, had happened to stand on a hill with their trumpets?"

The only world-trumpeter known to my childhood was Henry Clay. It would be impossible to make this generation understand what the great Kentuckian was to the country then. Americans, now, are concerned about ideas or things—Imperialism, Labor, the Trusts, or the like. Then, they cared for the individual man. Clay, Webster or Jackson, in their day, was personally loved or hated with a kind of ferocity.

How Henry Clay Won Friends and Votes

In the village in which we lived Clay was a demigod. To the women and children he was not exactly human. I remember when I was about five years old that I once heard two planters from Kentucky discussing him with my father.

"Harry," they said, "has wasted his chances. If he had looked after his stock and let politics alone he would have been well-to-do to-day!"

I was cold with horror as I listened. If they had attacked the Bible itself they would not have seemed to me more blasphemous. Henry Clay and cattle!

I had heard that this, the One man, was a personal friend of my father, and I felt that all of the family, for that reason, took place in the ruling class of the world. We were "principalities and powers." Long afterward I knew that every man in the village was his intimate friend, and every other man whom he could talk to for half an hour.

None of our great men now wins that blind, worshiping allegiance from his followers. There are several reasons for the blind devotion of the American people, then, to their leaders, and the lack of it to-day. The nation was smaller then than now. It was still made up of the three original families—the English Churchmen, the Scotch-Irish and the Puritans. The great flood-tide from every nation under heaven had not yet set in upon our shores. People knew each other; they were neighborly in the village sense of the word. There were few newspapers and no reporters. Public men did not speak daily to the nation by telegraph nor make themselves known to it by likenesses in every evening's edition.

They met their constituents face to face. Even travel promoted this personal intimacy. They did not go to bed in Philadelphia to waken in Chicago. They jogged to and fro in private conveyances or by stage-coach and so came to know every man and woman on the road, and made themselves loved or hated as they cannot now do by print or telegraph.

What opportunities there were for quarrels or confidences in the leisurely journeys on the National Road—the one great highway of the country! Men found each other out in the long days jolting side by side, or during the nights in the inns which were set along the road from Maryland to Indiana. There the guests ate heavy suppers of venison and bear-steak and corn dodgers, and gathered around huge fireplaces where a ton of coal or whole logs of wood roared and burned.

There was no more hearty companion for these journeys than "Henry," as he was fondly called; no one who had a larger stock of stories or who took or gave a joke with finer humor.

"Clay," an old kinsman of mine once told me, "never forgot the face of friend or enemy. He would take up you and your talk just where you had left off with him years before."

The same old friend told me that Clay once visited a little town in Pennsylvania after an absence of ten years. He was on his way to take his seat in Congress. It was a dark winter's evening, but he was recognized as he left the stage-coach and hurried into the supper-room of the inn. The news flew from house to house that Clay was in town and every man in the village gathered in the hall of the inn to see him as he came out. The Burgess, a consequential little fellow, who had once traveled as far as Washington City, called out:

"Form two lines, gentlemen! On either side. I know him. I will present you to Mr. Clay."

But just as the lines were formed the door opened and a large man with heavy jaws and keen black eyes stood an instant on the threshold.

"Ah!" he cried with beaming eyes. "Here is Wood! And Barnes! All my old friends! Humphreys, too?" He passed down between the lines, shaking hands, asking questions and joking. There was not a man whom he had met ten years before that he did not hail by name.

At last he stopped. "Ah! Here's somebody I don't know. Wait! One minute!" holding the man by the hand and eying him keenly. "That is a Pugh nose, I'll wager my life! You are John Pugh's son! Ah?"

"That hit won the game," said the story-teller. "There was a shout of delight and the crowd followed him to the coach cheering until it was out of sight. Every man there voted for him at the next election. Pugh stumped the county for him. We all felt that it was a man with a brain like that who was needed at the helm of state."

The Plumed Knight's Sixth Sense

Another of our public men—James G. Blaine—possessed this abnormal memory for faces and names. It was as useful to him as a sixth sense. Behind it, too, in his case, there were the warm heart and ardent instincts which came to him from his Irish forefathers. He won as devoted an allegiance from the nation as did Clay. I don't believe, by the way, that any man, be he statesman or writer or soldier, ever has gained that passionate loyalty from the public who did not have red blood at heart and the boyish temperament.

When I was a schoolgirl in Washington, Pennsylvania, James Blaine was a big, ungainly law student in the same village. Some time, long ago, there had been an intermarriage in our families, so that we always—in the Southern phrase—"called cousins," and having this background of old times and childish friends we kept up the fiction of relationship through life, until we, too, were old and gray.

During his busy years of public life when on his way from Washington to New York he would dodge committees and crowds at the Philadelphia station and come to us for a quiet hour or two of—"Do you remember?" or "What has become of" this or that old comrade?

He kept sight of all the poor, obscure friends of his boyhood, and, as I learned elsewhere, he never, with all his burden of work and worry, failed to help them or their children when they needed help.

No doubt, in public life, Mr. Blaine may have gilded the gold of his friendly impulses by a little finesse. On one occasion when he was to be the guest of honor at a large banquet in Philadelphia he asked his host as we sat at dinner, "What are the names of the principal men that I shall meet to-night?" They were told to him.

An hour later, when they were presented to him, Blaine detained each with a look of sudden, keen interest.

"B——? did you say? There was a great jurist B—— in Philadelphia when I was a boy——? He stood in the highest court of the temple while I was peeping through the fence——?"

"My father, sir." And B—— passed on, flushed and smiling.

"W——? Of English descent? I see it in your features—the name, too. It goes back to Elizabeth's time. Not from Leamington? Why, you must be a descendant of the Bishop? The immortal W——?"

How did he know that the one weakness of this W—— was to be thought a descendant of the famous Bishop?

How, in that brief hour after dinner, had he summoned into his brain all the pleasant facts or fancies that clung to the names of these strangers, so that by a word he made them his allies for life?

He altered very little during his life. When he was the brilliant, popular college boy of the village, at heart he did not care a groat for the honors which he won. When he was a candidate for the Presidency, beneath the able politician was a melancholy idler who at heart did not care whether he ever entered the White House or not.

He came of an able, scholarly, sluggish race. He had the strong brain, the keen perception, the unerring tact needed to control masses of men—when he cared to control them. The powerful engine was there, but not always the fire to move it. He was pushed forward and held back throughout his life by the ambition or faults of his weak retainers.

The Language of Lincoln's Flowers

On looking back there is one trait so common to the men who achieved distinction that one is almost tempted to suspect that the distinction was due to it. That was—simplicity—the total lack of posing—of self-consciousness.

Lincoln, Frémont, Agassiz and Emerson were direct in manner as children. So are Grover Cleveland and Booker Washington to-day. Having a message to give in life these men thrust it at the world, straight—and let their own petty selves and training shrivel back out of sight like useless garments.

When a man's soul is thus set upon a single live purpose it is a pity that the world should judge him by his manners—the shriveled garment. I remember that when Mr. Lincoln reached the Capital safely in disguise he sent back to a friend in Springfield a significant bunch of flowers which, interpreted, was, "A bouquet—Abe O. K." Many of his jokes were as childish as this and they bitterly prejudiced the people against him. They did not consider that if he had given his thought to the jokes he would not have made them. They were a lifelong habit, the unconscious whistle of the man who walks among the graves at night. His soul was busy elsewhere.

Another trait of men who have had great success and of women who have had great charm is their utter absorption in the present moment. Some one said the other day of Mr. Cleveland: "Whether he snubs the British lion or catches a squeteague he does nothing else. He is all there."

General Frémont's Unselfish Kindness

General Frémont had this gift to an excess. He literally abandoned himself to the moment. When he was the popular idol of the North, and had struggled ineffectually for months to keep his place as leader in the army, he was at last driven by injustice, as he believed, to give up the struggle. He resigned his command in Virginia and came home direct to New York, arriving at midnight, to the horror and despair of his friends and party. Right or wrong, it was the crisis of his life and he had lost. There was at his house that night a most insignificant visitor, a young girl from the country. She had neither beauty nor wealth nor any power to help in this imminent moment. But she was a stranger, she never had seen New York, and she was his guest. He gave the next day to making a careful map of the city and of the jaunts to country and seaside, that she might "understand it all." It was not courtesy nor duty. His mind was wholly in it for the moment.

I remember that I saw him years afterward, his hair whiter, his step weaker, on the very day when a great suit was decided against him. He gave hours then to a child's party — to "making it go." The heart of the great soldier, the explorer; the man who succeeded Humboldt among the scientific men of Germany, was wholly in the child's fun while it lasted, just as it was in the trail over the Sierras when he discovered California.

This surely is the very breath of success — the success which belongs to some Americans who did not win money nor office nor even fame.

The success of fame, of recognition, arrives, for some men, in another way. They know their own power to a grain's weight, and what they can buy from Time with it. Then, too, their achievement often comes to an admiring world as a welcome child does to the cradle carved and beribboned for it long ago. That baby cannot long remain unconscious of its own worth.

For example, look at the greeting which this country gave to the work of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Not only Dorothy Q—— and pale-blooded Brahmins of Boston but the whole nation were his friends and kinsfolk. He was the one American poet. We then rated Longfellow as an Englishman, Whittier a grim reformer, and Poe a demon. But Holmes, we thought, gave voice to American life, to our old men and our shy lovers, to our apple orchards, our schools, our banquets, our graves. We believed him to be our only Singer. He believed it, too. He threw his life into his song as the thrush does upon the bough. He quivered, like the bird, to the last fibre with consciousness of his message and of himself.

Vanity? Yes — if that be vanity which drives each of us to sing our little song or to sweep our little path where men can hear and see us — calling out: "Look at me! Look at me!" Is it vanity to want a little wages before we go out into the dark?

Now, Walt Whitman had another kind of vanity. It was not his message of which he rejoiced to sound the praises, but of his own offensive Self, and he made that self more and more offensive in the perpetual trumpeting. When we read his book to-day — he being out of sight for all time — certain phrases in it strike into our souls as the Voice in the garden came to Adam.

"Where art thou?" they say. "Where art thou?"

And we know that it is God who speaks through them and that we must answer.

But if you could have seen Walt himself, posing on the corners of Chestnut Street in a sham sailor costume, his thick neck bared, his gray hair streaming, in the rôle of The Good Poet, his dead, fishy eyes rolling from side to side in search of applause, you would have been apt promptly to shut your ears to the Heavenly Call sent through him. Never was a divine message so weakened in the mouth of the bearer.

The Unpleasing Vanity of Walt Whitman

The people of Philadelphia — indeed, I might say, the people of this country — with but few exceptions, paid little homage to Whitman's marvelous genius, and this was not, as his disciples claim, because they could not understand it. The vulgar egotism of the man repelled them. He was perpetually in evidence, either asking for money as a reward for the virtues which he chanted incessantly, or chanting more loudly pæans to his eyes, head or other parts of his person. He was seen at his best presiding over shad or catfish feasts at Gloucester, surrounded by the illiterate folk who were too weak of wit to weigh his pretensions. He was asked several times into the houses of men who comprehended his message in its highest import, but he was dull and bored with them. They did not pay homage to his personality. After all, one cannot easily forgive the mule to whom it is given to carry the Christ among the multitude, when it is vain — not of its burden, but of its own mulish self.

There is another class of writers — always successful and popular, by the way — who have a full comprehension of their own power without one trace of vanity. Self-recognition, perhaps, would be the best name for the quality. A writer can have none more useful or comfortable. It shows him to a hair-line just how far his power will carry him and no applause will tempt him to venture beyond that line.

Of course we all, at once, think of Macaulay as foremost among these strong but prudent craftsmen in the clan that deals with ideas and words.

When Doctor Holland was a Literary Idol

In this country Dr. J. G. Holland, probably, had more of this peculiar clarity of self-insight than any of our other writers. Greater men than he sometimes tripped because they ventured outside of their limits. Poe sometimes essayed to be scientific, Longfellow dramatic, and Hawthorne logical. But the Doctor, or Timothy Titcomb as he was called by the worshiping boys and girls of the sixties, knew his Muse and never mistook her meaning for a moment. She was no shatter-brained, raving Delphian priestess, but a healthy, friendly, clean-minded Muse who gave out her oracles daily to the young folks — oracles alive with kindliness and common-sense.

The Doctor's work in the world was like the water of a mountain spring — it brought out a good, useful growth wherever it went. But — it has not been long remembered.

We are apt to sing the praises of the red wine which mounts to the head in a fine frenzy now and then. But we say nothing of the clean water which kept the earth wholesome for us all the way.

The Doctor himself was as kindly and wholesome as his poetry. I hope my readers do not know already one story of him which I must tell, as it shows how much can be done by a man who accurately knows himself and his limits.

Two Americans chanced to meet in Switzerland one day, and speedily felt a strong mutual approbation and a liking for each other. One was the then popular poet, Timothy Titcomb, and the other was Roswell Smith, a man who had shrewd business ability, a love of letters, and — capital. Together, standing on the bridge at Bâle, they conceived the idea of a magazine which should be to American literature as the lighting of a great lamp. They came home and issued it. Doctor Holland was the editor and his friend the publisher, and as long as they lived the friendship and the work planned that morning on the bridge grew and prospered. Neither man interfered with the other. Each knew his bounds and kept inside of them.

What a successful, comfortable world this would be if every man knew Himself and his limits and kept Himself inside of them!

And as for us women ——!

Summer Girls and Idle Fellows

TEA-TABLE TALK

By Jerome K. Jerome

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"MAN is a beast!" said the College Girl, who was prone to strong expression.

"I thought so myself, when I was younger," said the Woman of the World.

"And don't you now?" suggested the College Girl.

"Certainly, my dear," replied the Woman of the World; "there is a deal of the animal in man; but — well, I was myself expressing that same particular view of him, the brute, to a very old lady with whom I was spending a winter in Brussels, many years ago now, when I was quite a girl. She had been a friend of my father, and was one of the sweetest and kindest — I was almost going to say the most perfect woman I have ever met; though, as a celebrated beauty, stories, dated from the early Victorian era, were told about her; but, myself, I never believed them; at least, not then I didn't. Her calm, gentle, passionless face, crowned with its soft, silver hair — I remember my first sight of the Matterhorn on a summer's evening — somehow it at once reminded me of her."

"My dear," laughed the Old Maid, "your anecdotal method is becoming as jerky as a cinematograph."

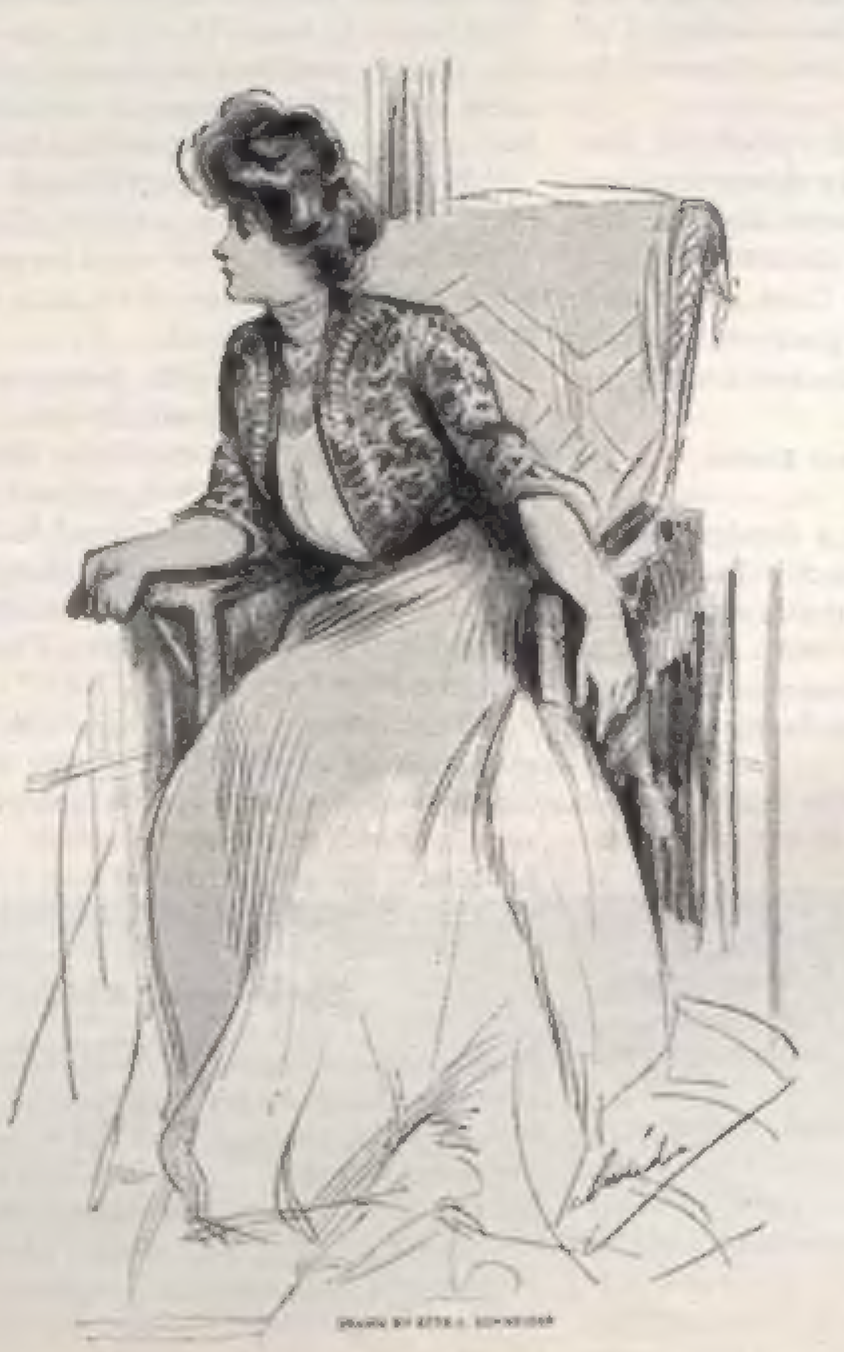
"I have noticed it myself," replied the Woman of the World; "I try to get in too much."

"The art of the raconteur," observed the Philosopher, "consists in avoiding the unessential. I have a friend who never yet to my knowledge reached the end of a story. It is intensely unimportant whether the name of the man who said the thing or did the deed be Brown or Jones or Robinson, but she will worry herself into a fever, trying to recollect. 'Dear, dear me,' she will leave off to exclaim; 'I know his name so well. How stupid of me!' She will tell you why she ought to recollect his name, how she always has recollected his name till this precise moment. She will appeal to half the people in the room to help her. It is hopeless to try and induce her to proceed; the idea has taken possession of her mind. After a world of unnecessary trouble she recollects that it was Tompkins, and is delighted; only to be plunged again in despair on discovering that she has forgotten his address. This makes her so ashamed of herself she declines to continue, and full of self-reproach she retires to her own room. Later, she reënters, beaming, with the street and number pat. But by that time she has forgotten the anecdote."

"Well, tell us about your old lady, and what it was you said to her," spoke impatiently the College Girl, who is always eager when the subject under discussion happens to be the imbecility or criminal tendency of the opposite sex.

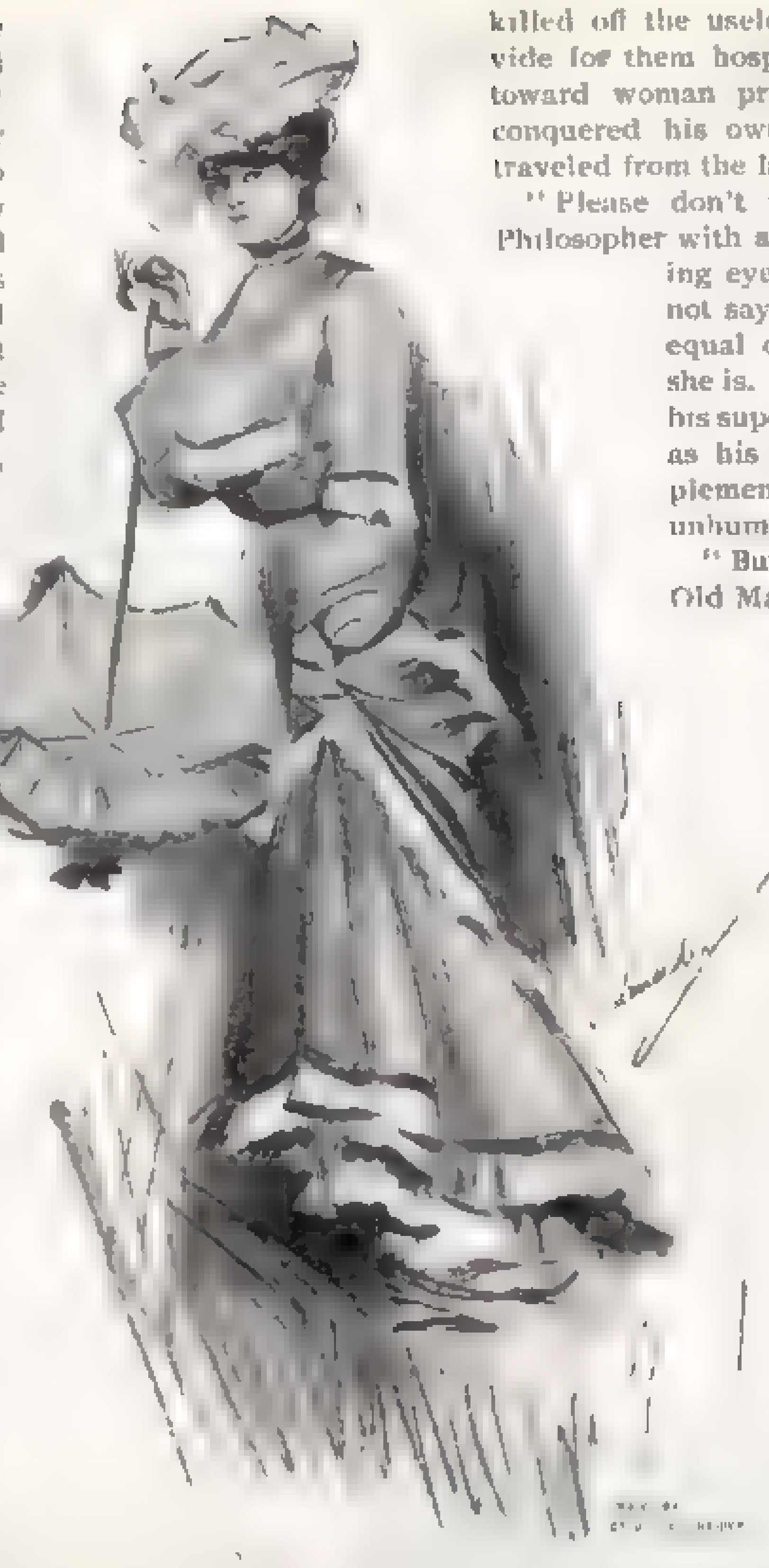
"I was at the age," continued the Woman of the World, "when a young girl tiring of fairy stories puts down the book and looks around her at the world, and naturally feels indignant at what she notices. I was very severe upon both the shortcomings and the overgoings of man, our natural enemy. My old friend used to laugh, and that made me think her callous and foolish. One day our *bonne*, like all servants a lover of gossip, came to us delighted with a story which proved to me how just had been my estimate of the male animal. The grocer at the corner of our Rue, married only four years to a charming and devoted little wife, had run away and left her.

"'He never gave her even a hint, the pretty angel,' so Jeanne informed us. 'Has had his box containing his clothes and everything he wanted ready packed for a week, waiting for him at the railway station — just told her he was going to play a game of dominoes, and that she was not to sit up for him; kissed her and the child



"I THOUGHT SO MYSELF, WHEN I WAS YOUNGER," SAID THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD

Editor's Note — This is the fifth paper in this series. The sixth will appear in an early number.



"ANYTHING IN A PETTICOAT IS ADORABLE"

good-night, and—well, that was the last she ever saw of him. Did Madame ever hear the like of it!' concluded Jeanne, throwing up her hands to Heaven. 'I am sorry to say, Jeanne, that I have,' replied my sweet Madame with a sigh, and led the conversation by slow degrees back to the subject of dinner. I turned to her when Jeanne had left the room. I can remember still the burning indignation of my face. I had often spoken to the man myself, and had thought what a delightful husband he was—so kind, so attentive, so proud, seemingly, of his dainty Femme. 'Doesn't that prove what I say,' I cried, 'that men are beasts?' 'I am afraid it helps in that direction,' replied my old friend 'And yet you defend them!' I answered 'At my age, my dear,' she replied, 'one neither defends nor blames one tries to understand.' She put her thin white hand upon my head. 'Shall we hear a little more of the story?' she said; 'it is not a pleasant one, but it may be useful to us.' 'I don't want to hear any more of it,' I answered; 'I have heard enough' 'It is sometimes well,' she persisted, 'to hear the whole of a case before forming our judgment.' And she rang the bell for Jeanne. 'That story about our little grocer friend,' she said; 'it is rather interesting to me. Why did he leave her and run away? Do you know?' Jeanne shrugged her ample shoulders. 'Oh, the old story, Madame,' she answered with a short laugh. 'Who was she?' asked my friend. 'The wife of Monsieur Savary, the wheelwright, as good a husband as ever woman had. It's been going on for months, the huzzy!' 'Thank you, that will do, Jeanne.' She turned again to me so soon as Jeanne had left the room. 'My dear,' she said, 'whenever I see a bad man I peep around the corner for the woman. Whenever I see a bad woman, I follow her eyes: I know she is looking for her mate Nature never makes odd samples.'"

"I cannot help thinking," said the Philosopher, "that a good deal of harm is being done to the race as a whole by the overpraise of women."

"Who overpraises them?" demanded the College Girl. "Men may talk nonsense to us—I don't know whether any of us are foolish enough to believe it—but I feel perfectly sure that when they are alone most of their time is occupied in abusing us."

"That is hardly fair," interrupted the Old Maid. "I doubt if they do talk about us among themselves as much as we think. Besides, it is always unwise to go behind the verdict. Some very beautiful things have been said about women by men."

"Well, ask them," said the College Girl. "Here are three of them present. Now, honestly, when you talk about us among yourselves do you gush about our virtues, our goodness, our wisdom?"

"'Gush,'" said the Philosopher, reflecting; "'gush' would hardly be the correct word."

"In justice to the truth," I said, "I must admit our College friend is to a certain extent correct. Every man at some time of his life esteems to excess some one particular woman. Very young men, lacking in experience, admire perhaps indiscriminately. To them, anything in a petticoat is adorable: the milliner makes the angel. And very old men, so I am told, return to the delusions of their youth: but as to this I cannot as yet speak positively. The rest of us—well, when we are alone, it must be confessed, as our Philosopher says, that 'gush' is not the correct word."

"I told you so," chortled the College Girl

"Maybe," I added, "it is merely the result of reaction Convention insists that to her face we show her a somewhat exaggerated deference. Her very follies we have to regard as added charms: the poets have decreed it. Maybe it comes as a relief to let the pendulum swing back."

"But is it not a fact," asked the Old Maid, "that the best men and even the wisest are those who have held women in most esteem? Do we not gauge civilization by the position a nation accords to its women?"

"In the same way as we judge them by the mildness of their laws, their tenderness for the weak. Uncivilised man killed off the useless members of the tribe; we provide for them hospitals, almshouses. Man's attitude toward woman proves the extent to which he has conquered his own selfishness, the distance he has traveled from the law of the ape: might is right."

"Please don't misunderstand me," pleaded the Philosopher with a nervous glance toward the lowering eyebrows of the College Girl. "I am not saying for a moment woman is not the equal of man; indeed, it is my belief that she is. I am merely maintaining she is not his superior. The wise man honors woman as his friend, his fellow-laborer, his complement. It is the fool that imagines her unhuman"

"But are we not better," persisted the Old Maid, "for our ideals? I don't say we women are perfect—please don't think that. You are not more alive to our faults than we are Read the woman novelists from George Eliot downward. But for your own sake—is it not well man should have something to look up to, to worship, and failing anything better——"

"I draw a very wide line," answered the Philosopher, "between ideals and delusions. The ideal has always helped man; but that belongs to the land of his dreams, his most important kingdom, the kingdom of his future Delusions are earthly structures, that sooner or later fall about his ears, blinding him with dust and dirt. The petticoat-governed country has always paid dearly for its folly."

"Elizabeth!" cried the College Girl. "Queen Victoria!"

"Were ideal sovereigns," returned the Philosopher, "leaving the government of the country to its ablest men. France under its Pompadours, the Byzantine Empire under its Theodoras, are truer examples of my argument. I am speaking of the unwisdom of assuming all women to be perfect"

"But chivalry," I argued, "has surely been of service to mankind"

"To an immense extent," agreed the Philosopher. "It seized a natural human passion and turned it to good uses. Then it was a reality. To the man of war and rapine, trained in cruelty and injustice, the woman was the one thing that spoke of the joy of yielding. Woman, as compared with man, was then an angel: it was no mere form of words. All the tender offices of life were in her hands. To the warrior, his life divided between fighting and debauchery, his women folk, tending the sick, helping the weak, comforting the sorrowing, must have moved with white feet across a world his vices had made dark. Nowadays, it is the women who make war, the women who exalt brute force. To-day, it is the woman who, happy herself, turns a deaf ear to the world's low cry of pain; holding that man honored who would ignore the good of the species to augment the comforts of his own particular family; holding in despite as a bad husband and father the man whose sense of duty extends beyond the circle of the home. One recalls Lady Nelson's reproach to her lord after the battle of the Nile. 'I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come,' is the answer to his God that many a woman has prompted to her lover's tongue. I was speaking to a woman only the other day about the cruelty of skinning seals alive. 'I feel so sorry for the poor creatures,' she murmured; 'but they say it gives so much more depth of color to the fur.' Her own jacket was certainly a very beautiful specimen."

"When I was editing a paper," I said, "I opened my columns to a correspondence on this very subject. Many letters were sent to me—most of them trite, many of them foolish. One, a genuine document, I remember. It came from a girl who for six years had been assistant to a fashionable dressmaker. She was rather tired of the axiom that all women, at all times, are perfection. She suggested that poets and novelists should take service for a year in any large drapery or millinery establishment where they would have an opportunity of studying woman in her natural state, so to speak."

"It is unfair to judge us by what, I confess, is our chief weakness," argued the Woman of the World. "Woman in pursuit of clothes ceases to be human: she reverts to the original brute. Besides, dressmakers can be very trying. The fault is not entirely on one side."

"I still fail to be convinced," remarked the College Girl, "that woman is overpraised Not even the present conversation, so far as it has gone altogether proves your point.

"I am not saying it is the case among intelligent thinkers," explained the Philosopher, "but in popular literature the convention still lingers. To woman's face no man cares to protest against it; and woman, to her harm, has come to accept it as a truism. 'What are little girls made of? Sugar and spice, and all that's nice.' In more or less varied form the idea has entered into her blood, shutting out from her hope of improvement. The girl is discouraged from asking herself the occasionally needful question: 'Am I on the way to become a sound, useful member of society? Or am I in danger of degenerating into a vain, selfish, lazy piece of good-for-nothing rubbish?' She is quite content so long as she can detect in herself no tendency to male vices, forgetful that there are also feminine vices. Woman is the spoilt child of the age: no one tells her of her faults. The World with its thousand voices flatters her. Sulks, bad temper and pig-headed obstinacy are translated as 'pretty Fanny's willful ways.' Cowardice, contemptible in man or woman, she is encouraged to cultivate as a charm. The marvel to me is that in spite of the folly upon which they are fed so many of them grow into sensible women."

"Myself," remarked the Minor Poet, "I find much comfort in the conviction that talk, as talk, is responsible for much less good and much less harm in the world than we who talk are apt to imagine. Words to grow and bear fruit must fall upon the earth of fact."

"But you hold it right to fight against folly?" demanded the Philosopher."

"Good Lord, yes!" cried the Minor Poet. "That is how one knows it is Folly: if we can kill it. Against the Truth our arrows rattle harmlessly"

How Literature is Retailed

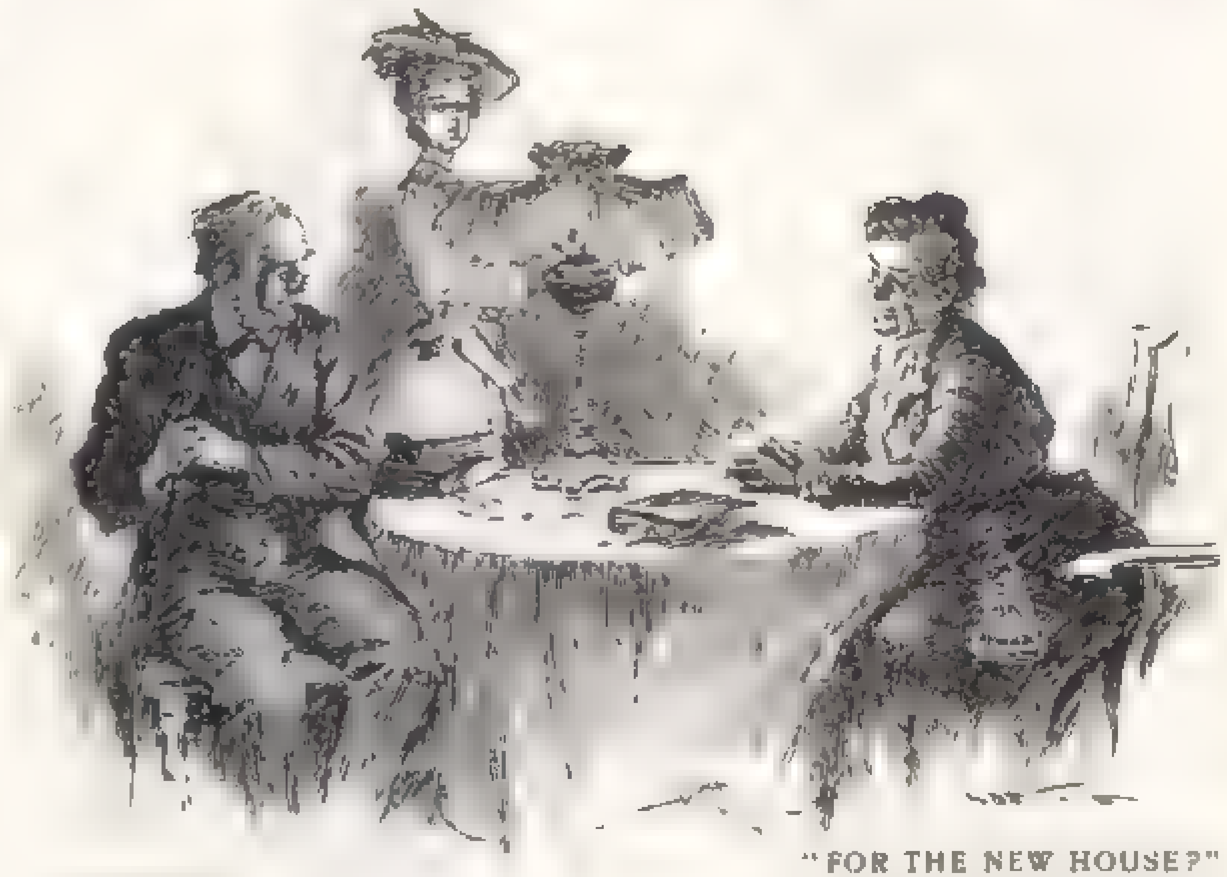
A WELL-KNOWN author tells a good story of an editor who ordered a scientific article from him, at the usual rate paid beginners. The writer went to work, and after two weeks' study and research produced a treatise on the subject that was really good. Flushed with his new enthusiasm, he submitted it and hinted that it was worth more money than bargained for. It was promptly returned to him; but the writer, with some enthusiasm and courage left him, buckled down to other work, and held his own. A literary agent sold the first half of the article to one periodical at the price first agreed upon for the whole, and a year later the second half was taken at double this price by another editor, who, for lack of space, cut out the last two pages of the manuscript. These the writer secured, and, adding a short introduction and finale, submitted it to the first overcritical and unbelieving editor, who accepted it thankfully, and paid for it nearly as much as the other two parts had brought. Thus grind the Mills of the Gods

"'DID MADAME EVER HEAR THE LIKE OF IT!'"

THE LAST STRAW

By Lilian Bell

MR. AMOS GOWDY'S ENCOUNTER WITH THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT. HOW HE SNATCHED VICTORY FROM DEFEAT



"FOR THE NEW HOUSE?" BEAMED MRS. TAPPAN

"A GIRL with your talents—with your genius," said her mother severely, "to be so vacillating!"

There was no answer from the girl opposite. She stirred uneasily in her chair and her mother leaned forward and poked the fire vigorously. The noise of the tongs irritated the girl, and she frowned.

"There you go," said her mother, "making faces at me because I make a noise! Do you think I did it a-purpose? The artistic temperament, as you call it, is very hard to get along with day by day, and to sit at the same table and eat with, well knowing that everything you do is irritating to your own flesh and blood that you've borne with and sacrificed for and waited on till she got so 'artistic' and so nervous that she can't stand to hear her own mother sip her soup genteelly out of a tablespoon. I want you should remember, Annabel, that if you wouldn't watch me so close when I eat my soup I wouldn't choke so often, which you say makes you nervouser—more nervous, I should say—than my sipping it."

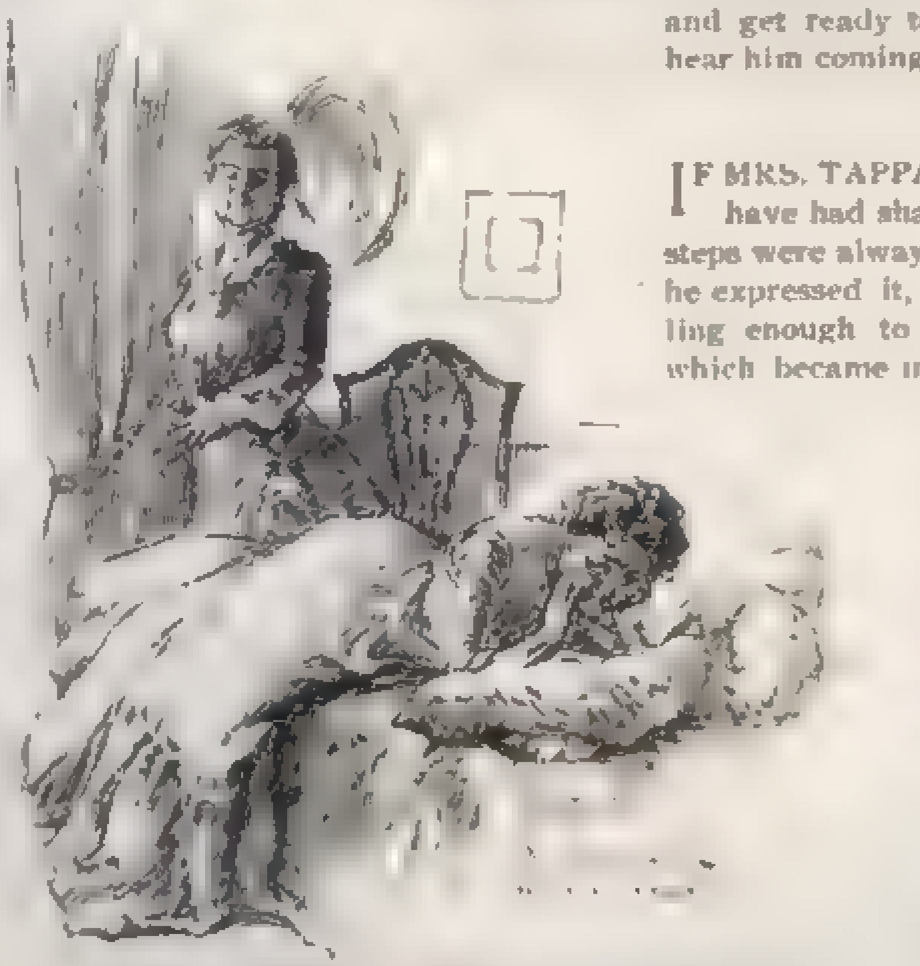
"If *you* think it is so hard to live with me, why do you insist upon my marrying Mr. Gowdy? You're such a friend of his."

"Why do I?" said her mother, sitting up and grasping the arms of her chair. "That's a pretty question to ask when you've been engaged to him for ten mortal years—ever since your poor father died and left Amos Gowdy your guardian. He admired your music—he thought you played the grandest at church he ever heard; he's told me so a-many a time—and then he invested your pa's insurance money and multiplied it and sent you and me over here to Parrus and put you under the best organist in the world. Look at your concerts! Look at what you can do when you marry him and go home to St. Lou-us! I rather think the' ain't *many* finer houses in St. Lou-us than Amos Gowdy's, on Locust Street! And now to top all, what has he done? He's come over to Parrus to marry you, and what's his wedding present to you going to be? An organ—a fine pipe organ built into your house! Could any girl in her senses want more?"

"I don't like him," said the girl. "It isn't my fault. I hardly knew my own mind at fifteen! It was your doing—the engagement part of it! Besides, it was scarcely an engagement then. It began in a kind of a joke. He was father's old friend and it seemed natural that he should manage our affairs. But the thing has been allowed to grow—I don't know just how—but now, at the very time I wish most to be free, I find myself bound with bands of steel to a man I can't bear!"

"And why should you want to be so free just now? Are you thinking of John Spencer? He hasn't dared to propose to you, has he, after all the hints I've thrown out, and he not a penny of his own?"

"Oh, yes, you've thrown out hints enough, as you say," said the girl bitterly, "and doubtless they have proved effective. At any rate, you may set your mind at rest. He has never spoken to me on the subject."



—ANNABEL SANK UPON THE SOFA AND SHRIEKED WITH LAUGHTER

"Well, I'm sure I don't know," said Mrs. Tappan, slowly shaking her head. "If ever there was a girl pampered and watched over and sacrificed for, it's been you, Annabel Tappan, and by me, your own mother. Now, if I have to bear your reproaches for managing your affairs so's you can make a good, safe marriage instead of one of these runaway, harum-scarum matches that your talented and your geniuses and your artistic temperaments are always doing, it's time I folded my hands and sought other fields of usefulness."

Her daughter made no answer.

"I'm sure your pa used to call me a good manager," proceeded Mrs. Tappan, pressing her handkerchief to her bright black eyes and brushing a tear from her plump red cheek. "Many's the night I sat up with him, when he was ailing—your pa always felt peaked and pindlin' in the spring of the year—and I saved and skimped and managed to tend to him myself, studying his symptoms and dealing with them according to the good old way—feed a cold and starve a fever—and he bore up wonderful, considering the way I dealt with him in his last sickness. He never wanted anybody but me, and said I was the most economical wife a man ever had. He was a thrifty man, your pa was, and held his head up with the best of them. Even at the last he died like a king, without a doctor!

"Now, don't go to rocking yourself that way, Annabel! I always know you're mad when you rock. It was the greatest blessing, *I* say, that Amos Gowdy took charge of us just when he did. For by his management we've managed to live on our income, and in spite of all our advantages of foreign travel—you speaking French and German just like your own and being the best pupil on the organ your master's had—we are just as well off to-day as when your pa died. Neither your money nor mine is touched."

"I didn't know the money was divided," said Annabel.

"Certainly it is," answered Mrs. Tappan. "Your money is in your own name, and I wouldn't no more touch it, if I could—which I can't—than I'd steal food off the table. Mr. Gowdy always said I was the best business man he ever saw—for a woman!"

"Why don't you marry him yourself?" cried Annabel desperately. "He is older than you are."

"Well, Annabel Tappan! I *am* surprised at you! Just as if I would think of such a thing—though I haven't lost my figure! But Mr. Gowdy has never so much as hinted at it. Though I don't know that it would have been so strange, come to think of it. Marrying the friend of his old wife—the wife of his old friend, I *should* say. But no, he chose you, and now, after years of waiting, almost as long as Laban served for Jezebel has Amos served for Annabel! It's quite Biblical, I do declare."

"It wasn't Laban; it was Jacob. And it wasn't Jezebel; it was Rachel," said the girl patiently.

"Oh, well, what difference does it make? They were all Jews anyway."

Mrs. Tappan laughed cheerfully.

"Now, Annabel, cheer up and don't let's hear any more of Mr. Gowdy's not understanding you, or your trying to beg off at this late day. Things have gone too far now that he's come over and ordered your organ built, and I won't hear to it; so that's all. Remember now, you are twenty-five and nobody else is in love with you, and you'll be one of the leaders in St. Lou-us society, and when you get back home you can live your own life that you're always talking about and be as artisticky and as temperamenty as you want. You'll have everything your own way, so light the lamp and get ready to see Mr. Gowdy. I think I hear him coming."

II

IF MRS. TAPPAN heard him coming she must have had sharp ears, for Mr. Gowdy's footsteps were always softened by his "gums," as he expressed it, which was a statement startling enough to the student of English, but which became intelligible when one knew Mr. Gowdy, for by "gums," if pressed for an explanation, he said he meant his "Articks." And the middle-class American who does not know an "Artick" when he sees one can have no use for Amos Gowdy nor for his gums nor his love story.

Annabel, trusting to her mother's ears rather than her own, started up, as Mrs. Tappan rose to light the lamp, and fled into her own room. There, in solitude and darkness, the thought of Amos Gowdy, and, it must be confessed, her own mother, pressed so hardly upon her delicate nerves that, impelled by her first revolt, she seized her hat and silently made her way down the dark staircase from their apartment to the street. But here she was stopped by an avenging Fate, or the hand of Providence, as some people persist in accounting for their calamities, in the shape of Amos Gowdy himself, who padded up to her in the muffled steps she hated, with such a confident air of being the most welcome in her sight out of all Paris, that Annabel hesitated, from sheer astonishment at his conceit and in that moment of hesitation her suddenly acquired courage to revolt oozed out at her finger-ends, and she was once more a product of civilization.

"Dear child! Dear girl!" chortled Mr. Gowdy unctuously. "What do you suppose I've got for you?" He showed his shiny porcelain teeth in a satisfied smile and laid a propelling hand on her arm, by which, albeit against her will, she was guided up the narrow, winding stairs again. A flood of light burst from the open door as the two entered.

"Why, what in the world?" exclaimed Mrs. Tappan. This form of question in Mrs. Tappan's vocabulary covered a multitude of interrogations and demanded divers replies.

"She came to meet me!" cried Mr. Gowdy, rubbing his hands and regarding her stony countenance. As no answering smile crossed her set lips, he turned in relief to the blooming face of Mrs. Tappan, whose bright black eyes, scenting a secret, snapped a welcome so generous and a curiosity so gratifying that Mr. Gowdy came to the point at once. He seated himself at the table, and placing a pair of spectacles far down on his nose he took from his pocket a package of photographs and several sheets of closely written paper which appeared to contain names and numbers. Mrs. Tappan sat opposite, her plump little hands, with dimples in them, folded on the table in front of her. Annabel, who scented a purchase for the new house—their new house on Locust Street, in St. Louis, far, far removed from the glory and culture and repose and freedom and atmosphere and sympathy (she added several other endearing epithets to Paris in the angry depths of her own mind, which have eluded me)—held aloof, and her stormy, rebellious eyes flashed ominously for the connubial peace of the Locust Street home when once she should be caged there as its mistress.

"I've got something to show you," said Mr. Gowdy, looking around vaguely for his fiancée, but, not seeing her, focusing his glance upon her mother, as usual.

"For the new house?" beamed Mrs. Tappan.

"Exactly! For the new house! I want Annabel should see it!"

"I don't want to see it!" broke from the girl against her will, it seemed, for she was seldom rude.

"Don't want to see it!" cried Mrs. Tappan. "But there, Mr. Gowdy, you might just as well get used to her moods now as any time. She couldn't tell you what ails her any more than a feverish child can tell why he feels bad. But the fact is she's got an attack of the artistic temperament."

"An attack of what?" asked Mr. Gowdy with dropped jaw.

"I don't want you should take it so hard," cried Mrs. Tappan, laughing. "It isn't catching or I'd 'a' had it long ago. It's nothing but the doldrums, *I* say. It's the blues. It's hysterics! It's caring for music and art and literature so's you can't be polite to your own mother or decent to your own husband that is to be. It means wanting 'atmosphere' so bad you can't breathe common air. It means being pouty if anybody differs from you, and declaring you ain't understood if your best friend tries to bring you down to earth. If I was asked what the artistic temperament really was, stripped of all its trimmings, I should say it was just a plain excuse for being teetotally unlivable. You can't understand her. *I* never could. You'll just have to do the best you can with her, for, when you've tried extra hard to understand her, as like as not she'll screech out that she wishes she was dead and you're left with your mouth open."

Although Mrs. Tappan's tongue was sharp, her manner was kindly, and she said this with the amiable, ironical intention of giving her daughter a point of view and allowing her a chance to come forward and laugh the matter off. But to Annabel the thought of what her future life would be to her could she go through it hand in hand with a kindred spirit had been growing clearer in her mind of late, until to-day her loathing of Amos Gowdy had almost reached a point where something must give way.

"*I* can understand her!" cried Mr. Gowdy. "No man ever tried harder or spent a bigger pile of money doing it Do you know what has taken me out of town so much lately? Well, come here and you'll see Come here, Annabel!"

The girl reluctantly obeyed Her mother and Mr. Gowdy were in a flutter which she in no wise shared.

"It's the organ!" cried Mrs. Tappan "Look, Annabel! Look at the pipes! Look at the size of it! What did I tell you?"

"It cost twenty thousand dollars," said Mr. Gowdy. His voice trembled with emotion. "Twenty thousand dollars over here, mind you! Goodness knows what it will cost to get it to St. Lou-us! But I was bound for my wife to have the thing she has wanted all her life—an organ built into her own house!"

While he was speaking Annabel leaned over and suddenly snatched the photograph from her mother's hands. She stared at it as if fascinated, then her face twitched as if all the little individual muscles were contending for the mastery For one moment she held herself in leash. Then, with a smothered burst of laughter, or tears, or both together—they could not tell which—she fled from the apartment and left them staring.

Mrs. Tappan folded her hands in resignation.

"What did I tell you?" she said. "That's what she calls having an artistic temperament!"

Mr. Gowdy gathered up the photographs with a jaw so strangely set that Mrs. Tappan feared that her exasperation had led her too far

"There! There!" she said, laying one of her pretty rounded hands, so different from Annabel's long, slender nervous fingers, on Amos Gowdy's arm. "I guess you'll think we're both crazy. But don't mind Annabel. She ain't been well for quite a spell She's acted drove all day. Don't put away those pictures. I want you should explain them to me."

And under her soothing sympathy and twinkling cheerfulness Amos Gowdy forgot the headlong flight of Annabel and the queer sound of her voice as she broke away from them in her culminating horror of the everlastingly commonplace

III

SHE looked fearfully to the right and left as the invisible concierge swung to the door behind her. Tears forced themselves silently from her burning eyes and she gripped her tremulous hands together until the knuckles showed white. She fled swiftly down the Boulevard St. Michel, turned the corner and found herself at the church in whose organ loft she spent half her days. An old man was just locking the side door. The girl put her hand on his arm with a half sob

"Oh, Antoine, you weren't going already?"

"Why, yes, Mademoiselle; it's half past six already. Did Mademoiselle wish to play?"

"No, not if you were going to dinner—but—"

"Mademoiselle has the air of wishing to cry"

"Oh, Antoine, I'm all to pieces to-night *Tenez!* I'll give you five francs if—don't you understand? I must, I *must* play!"

"*Mais oui—mais oui*—of course I understand. The wife will have to wait, that's all. Will Mademoiselle step in?"

He flung open the door as he spoke—this simple-minded French workingman who understood the artistic temperament so well that he knew he must forego his dinner, bear his wife's scolding, and pump the organ for mademoiselle to enable her to lay her black beast, or she would go sleepless to bed that night. The five francs were an incentive, to be sure, but not a reason. The reason was that he understood. He understood the more shrewdly, because in the shadows opposite stood the figure of John Spencer, who, if Antoine thoughtfully left open the door, always stole in, under the cover of Annabel's music and hid himself in the pews to listen to her

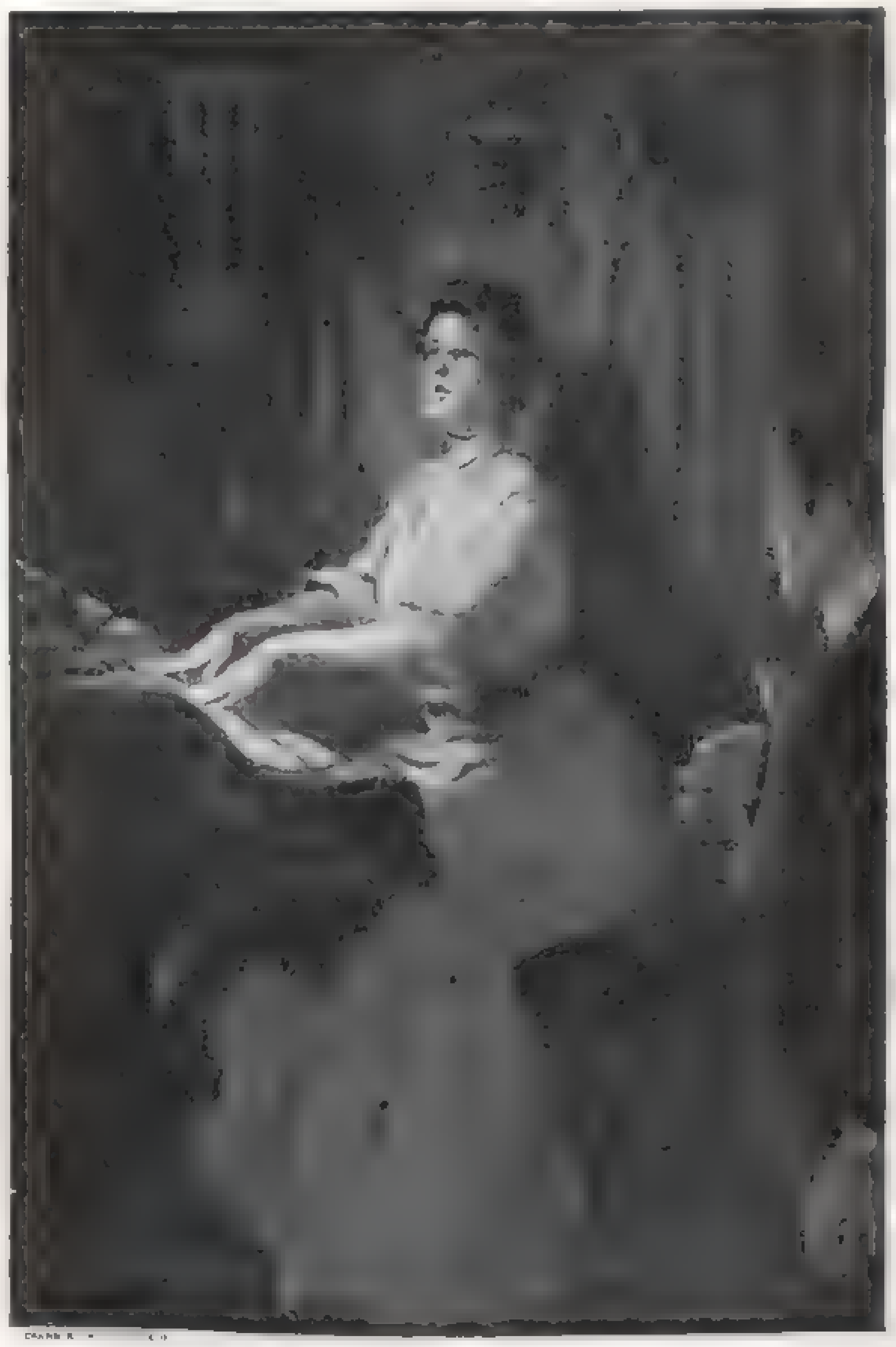
There is no woman worthy of the name who has not had her period of wild rebellion against an approaching crucial moment, where to revolt seemed criminal and to yield meant death—death to all ideals of happiness and freedom. At such moments expression in some form is necessary, and to Annabel music was always the outlet. As Antoine filled the huge organ with air and the girl felt the power within only awaiting her touch, her spirit took flame, passion gave her strength, and she poured forth such music, such crashing, resounding chords, such a storm of harmony, now strained to the point of discord, now melting to a moan, but ever soaring soaring as if to leave sorrow and even self behind and reach freedom through space, that her listeners shivered and the storm in her soul communicated its unrest and rebellion to the soul of her lover who heard

She began with the Vorspiel from Tristan and Isolde—that human wailing question—that poignant cry for help, which when borne on the quivering tones of the Vox Humana soared aloft into the dim reaches of the church and pierced through into the night beyond. Each soul translates that *motif* for itself, but the mere expression of the everlasting and appealing question of its tone never fails to rend the earthly veil and loose the spirit from its leash

She gathered strength and comfort as she played, the organ responded to her mood; the sound poured forth and gathered all the ache of her heart in its upward flight of harmony, until when she paused at the highest note, it was as if she had spread her great wings and, piercing the clouds, stood upon the pinnacle of a glorious, shining mountain where all the hitherto unexplained lay spread beneath her, clear and open to her new and clarified vision.

It was a supreme moment for the genius of the girl, for, uplifted by the sense of freedom, she began to improvise, and from a low and quivering reply as if her own timid, earth-born spirit made tremulous answer to the great question her music had asked of the God of To-morrow, her hands groped after great chords, and finally, emboldened from within, she burst forth into such a fanfare, such a glorious hallelujah of revolt and emancipation that the aisles trembled, even the foundations of the great church seemed to rock, and under the exhilaration of the moment the man in the pews who loved and understood her felt that this was his supreme hour.

He approached silently and saw the glory of her face for one translucent moment before she perceived him. Then, stirred out of all decorum, as she raised her eyes to his and read their meaning, she lifted her hands from the keyboard and laid them in his, and knew that for all time she had found some one who knew and understood, and that never again would she be driven out in the mood she had just exercised, to seek a comprehension from the depths of the organ which now stood before her motionless and dumb Not so the man's face. It vibrated with feeling. He bent over her and kissed her hair



HE APPROACHED SILENTLY AND SAW THE GLORY OF HER FACE

That kiss on her hair was the crowning touch of comprehension. Any other kiss would have jarred on the spiritual exaltation of her mood

"How did you know?" she breathed

"I felt," he said.

"But, oh, the awfulness of what I have suffered in the last day—in the last two hours!"

"Tell me," he said, and pressed her two hands against him

"It seems disloyal when they try to be so good to me—but did you ever *hate* people for being good to you in a clumsy way? Did you ever want to kill a man for presuming to understand you?"

She searched his face eagerly to see if she dared vent the wildness of her mood upon him, but he only pressed her hands closer and she sighed with relief

"He came to-night—you know how he has worried me asking me which were my favorite 'pieces,' and tormenting me because he claims that the organ is too heavy for a woman—and what do you think he has done? What do you think he has bought for *me*, when I compose and gather all my joy from making music? He has bought an orchestrion—a twenty-thousand dollar music box! He has had rolls made of all my 'favorite pieces'! You can grind them out!"

"Heavens!" cried John Spencer.

"It works by electricity—because the organ is too heavy and might tire me! Tire me, mind you, when the greatest bliss I have is to play until I ache from head to foot with the agony of composing and the fatigue of playing! Think what the man can be made of—think of the size and calibre of his soul to make such a mistake, and he has known me since I was born! I can't put it into words. I want to scream it and laugh it and cry it, but most of all I want to murder the man who did it! Do I shock you?"

"Not a bit," he said gently, but he looked down into her quivering, impassioned face apprehensively. She was wrought up to such a pitch that she might do anything. He dared not even attempt to soothe her. "I could murder him myself with a right good will But what a mood you are in! If I were not here you would compose a 'Judith' or something immortal Your genius was never so stirred. Instead of laughing or crying it and taking it all out of your delicate nerves, why don't you *play* it? Play for me! And put all your hatred and revenge into it in the most magnificent way you can Then, at the end—put yourself and me into it, just as we shall always be—together!"

A look came into her face which transfigured it—a look of gratitude first of all and then a comprehension of his comprehension and then—she turned and played

IV

AT THE end of an hour she swayed toward him in a physical weariness which was almost mortal. He caught her in his arms.

Old Antoine crept down from his place, his cap in hand, his voice shaking, his eyes dimmed

"It is Monsieur who was just playing?"

"No, no—it was Mademoiselle all the time"

"Impossible! How strong she is! The music went straight to my heart. Let Monsieur but look in my eyes. They're fair full. Sure Mademoiselle is a marvel. Never have I heard such music—never"

Silently they left the church, Antoine locking the little door after them and continuing to regard Annabel as if she were a spirit

They walked slowly. The Seine was near and in the soft summer darkness its twinkling lights beckoned them invitingly. They crossed half way over the Pont St. Michel and stood looking up the river toward St. Cloud The heart of each was too full for words. The woman's genius had humbled the man

"I am so commonplace I have so little to offer you," he faltered But the girl turned on him with sudden passion.

"So little to offer! Do you know that in the last hour you have offered and I have received from you more than any one ever gave me before in all my life? You say you are commonplace! No one can be commonplace who understands! You call me a genius with my music. Well, you have a genius of appreciation and comprehension You rest and stir and soothe and inspire me all in one! You have sympathy for my every mood. I've felt it ever since I knew you. *You* will not be frightened if I feel sad when no calamity has occurred, or if I laugh at the pathos of vulgarity; you too will feel the sadness in the under side of things and you will not be dazed by my changing moods. So little to give! I only wish that every woman who is cursed with a modicum of genius could find a man just as 'commonplace' as you!"

"Oh, dearest, do I mean all that to you? I have been so afraid that this man's wealth——"

"I have just discovered that I am not poor, so that matter need never disturb us. I never cared for quantities of money anyway. It nearly always vulgarizes its owners. I am only afraid ——"

"Afraid of what?"

"To go back and fight them both. I have been engaged to him for ten years! Think of it!"

(*Concluded on Page 24*)

THE
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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

℄Busybodies always think that they are doing good.

℄Gold would do more good if it followed the golden rule.

℄Too many statesmen want to suppress the trusts without interfering with them.

℄Do not hesitate to do a kind thing on the spur of the moment, for the moment is soon gone

℄Mont Pelée's first tragedy was beyond human imagination. Its encore was entirely superfluous.

What Makes the Wheels Go Round

THIS month is distinguished in our calendar because it marks the annual starting up of the huge dynamo which supplies power to the American people.

Not in history nor in legend is there recorded such an outburst of international curiosity as the United States has excited in the past three years—that is, since it became not merely an agricultural but also an industrial world-factor, inevitably dominant in an era whose civilization is the first based upon peace and indissolubly wedded to peaceful arts and toils. Europe has not been satisfied with inspecting and discussing the brusque Mr. Morgan, the flamboyant Mr. Schwab, the suave Mr. Yerkes, the motley multitude of our captains of industry graduated from the ranks where they were butchers and farm-hands and dray-drivers and peddlers and puddlers, and now trotting about in foreign parts with eyes "skinned" for any stray "good things" the natives may have overlooked.

These specimens only whetted Europe's curiosity to an edge as fine as that which cut the home ties of adventurous spirits when Columbus exhibited his Indians and his gold at the court of his patrons.

The Europeans—and the Asiatics, too—hastened to dispatch to us all manner of commissioners, official, semi-official and private, from princes of reigning houses to delegates from labor unions. And each of these spies—of the splendid, modern kind—has been charged to seek and find and forthwith bring home an answer to the all-important question: "How *do* they do it?"

And these gentlemen have poked and peeked and peered about in the friendliest, most flattering way imaginable. They have examined palace and tenement and cottage, and their tenants. They have eaten and drunk of all the products of the land and have listened to speeches numerous and have read newspapers numberless. They have watched wheels go round in factories—and in heads as well. They have heard those who say "Morgan did it," those who say "It was done in spite of old Morgan and his kind," those who say "The Spanish War did it," and those who respectively give the credit to Bamby's Baked Beans, to the tariff, to the speeches reported in the Congressional Record, and to Funston. And, after tasting and seeing and touching and smelling and hearing from Maine to the Golden Gate, these envoys have gone back and, with one accord, have replied:

"They do it by education."

From the end of the Civil War—an interruption of our progress to rid ourselves of a drag upon it—we have been educating as we never did before, as no other people ever did or now does. Immigrants have poured in; our own great "infant industry" which protectionist and free-trader alike believe in protecting and fostering, has been exceeding expansive. But we have put home and foreign product into the great educational plant—from half to two-thirds of all between five years old and twenty going through school and academy or college. And in this present month more than one-fifth of our total population will begin to receive formal instruction. And more than a million of our young men and women—one in every ten of both sexes of the higher education age, one in every six young men of that age—will be at the universities, colleges, academies, business and professional schools.

"I think, therefore I am," runs the Descartes formula. We teach our youth to think in order that they may really *be*—be individual, be proud and self-respecting and self-reliant, be free with the freedom no government or law can give or secure or take away. In the educational institution this impulse gets form and direction that it may develop efficient manhood. And against the thinking toiler all the forces of ignorance and passion and wasteful luxury, of base or foolish political, social, industrial ideas, cannot prevail.

Our formula of intelligent consciousness runs: We educate, therefore we think; we think, therefore we are!

The Hour Before Breakfast

ROMANCE is coy in the morning. Courtship thinks it needs moonlight. There seems something too inquisitive and inconsiderate, too matter of fact, about the bare light of mere day. The disconsolate swain turns to Diana—

> "With how sad steps, O moone, thou climbst the sky;
> How silently and with how wan a face!
> What! may it be that even in heavenlie place
> That busie archer his sharpe arrowes tries?"

sang Sidney for all lovers. But the morning will insist on being. It is more assertive than the moonlight and there is more of it. Young people fear its certainty and thus we have solemn discussions, soberly asking if the majority of marriages are happy. A moonlight engagement hangs by spider's web, while a morning agreement is hooked with steel. And yet who ever heard of a young man proposing in the morning?

We do not half appreciate the morning—especially that hour before breakfast when the faculties have come from their rest with new lights and garnered energies. Here is a consensus of the habits of rich men. Who have made the best marks? Those who used the fag-ends of hours, those who sat not on the porch rubbing their hands until the bell rang, but found something to do. Great men have learned new languages while dressing. Men have reached their critical decisions while breakfast was being cooked. It is then that the vision is clear, the mind certain, the judgment sound.

Suppose these men who have done and won had used moonlight for their illumination! Suppose Newton had been sitting under that apple tree after dark! How could he have known what hit him? A happy marriage is quite the biggest thing any man can achieve for himself. Millions are poverty without it. Does it not follow that the wise young man of this generation ought to apply the best rules of human experience to the greatest moment of his life? The hour before breakfast ought to be his time. If she looks well then, she will look lovely in all the other hours of the day. It is not only an opportunity for the man, it is a test of the girl. Moonlight has its uses; moonlight has its beauty—but the flowers bloom unseen. It is the hour before breakfast that all Nature is gladdest—and it is the hour before breakfast that love should be up and doing.

The Best of Good Company

THIS great summer upheaval which throws us all out of the towns to the hills or coast is a purely American movement. There is nothing just like it in any other country. It does much for the health and homogeneity of the differing peoples of the States. But it has one unwholesome effect; it tends to drive us all to our knees before that intangible Thing called Society which threatens to become the American god. How much of the summer do we give to plotting how to enter some little clique which does not want us, or to keep aspirants, whom we do not want, out of our little clique?

Is it worth while to give our lives to this sort of thing—this summer to the study of the Smiths of New York and the next to the Smiths of Cincinnati, only to find that they are precisely like the Smiths of Chicago whom we have always known? There are about forty millions of Us who claim to be in good society, with about the same equipment of brains, education and good (or bad) manners. We really affect each other about as much as the house flies, who also swarm and buzz, do their fellows.

Now, there is always, no matter how poor we are, the best of society waiting for us. Friends who never are rude or vulgar, who do not care for money, who do not know how to talk scandal nor to lie or brag. If we are unclean or tricky they will have none of us, but if they once take us as colleagues they will be loyal to the end.

One of these henchmen will wait silent beside you all day for a kind word, and for that word will give you an affection faithful until death.

These races or *gentes* are of the most ancient descent. We boast that our ancestors came into the country with Penn. Theirs possessed it before Adam was born. They each have dwelt apart, each has its language, its code of laws, its mechanical skill, its system of government. We are so absorbed by the Smiths and Joneses that we are blind to them all. When a Lubbock or Audubon hints secrets to us we cry out in amazement. Maeterlinck tells of the love-making of the queen of a race. It is a tragedy not to be compassed in human words, yet it comes true every summer day. But we shut our ears to it and prefer to listen to a ragtime tune.

There are myriads of these tribes—dumb brothers of our own. They fill the whole world with strange crafts and secrets, and they are ready to share them with us. It costs nothing to be presented in their court. A few pennies will take the poorest of us into their presence. They have a curious power, too, of sympathy and comfort for one who has understanding.

He will find under the trees a great calm and rest, and then a wonderful beauty, and presently the things long dumb will speak in friendly voices, and at last the Mother of him and of them and of us all will welcome him, saying, "Where hast thou stayed so long?"

Once made welcome to that court we never are shut out.

The Naming of Farm Homes

THE sudden development of the rural delivery of mail, and the rapid growth of inter-urban lines of electric railway, make pertinent a fresh consideration of the question of naming the farm homes. The question that continually comes up from mail delivery and car service is, How shall the farms be spoken of? It must either be by the name of the resident or owner, or by some specially adopted name.

We all know the absurdities, as addresses, of nicknames such as "Uncle Billy's," "Old Man Haverstraw's," "Widow Plunkett's"—we have heard them all from childhood. Imagine such names written as addresses upon letters, or called out from the platform of the electric car! We can certainly, with a little effort, make a change in the matter.

We are now building for comfort and beauty where fifty years ago we built for shelter alone. We are planting and rearranging, and planning for a settled and prosperous future. Would not the choosing of suitable names for these beautiful farm places very properly come in as a part of the changes? There is more dignity about "Cedar Slope" or "South View" than "Old Man Caspar's Place" or "Uncle Henry's Ranch." And the very fact that a name has been chosen for the home makes it dearer to those who live there.

Good sense, wit and imagination should assist at the christening. What special outward features does the farm possess? What family name or history shall be perpetuated? What local history shall be preserved? A name that came with the family or its ancestors across the Atlantic might be the choice of some. Favorite trees, natural or planted, the outlook, or some special feature of the landscape, give much scope for choice. Whatever the name, let it be dignified, expressive, appropriate and euphonious.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR

SIR W. WALROND

Mr. Balfour and His Cabinet

By T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P.

HUMDRUM—that is the word for the ministry which Mr. Balfour has reconstructed. Everybody who knew the personality of Mr. Balfour knew that he would not make any very big changes. His temperament is charming rather than strong; he is the victim of his own amiable qualities and of his extraordinary popularity; and he cannot do harsh things to individuals. He is also a man who rather hesitates in advancing his friends. He hasn't a particle of the spirit of the *condottiere* leader of men, who sees and admits the necessity of gathering around him a body of retainers bound by the selfish ties of common interests and the common hope of plunder. Indeed it has often been said that, for a young politician, the warm personal friendship of Mr. Balfour is a disadvantage rather than an advantage. Nobody would say that of Mr. Chamberlain, who stuffed the ministry with creatures of his own particular bailiwick of Birmingham, and who owes some of his success to the feeling that he who serves Chamberlain faithfully is also serving himself.

Above all this, as a factor in creating the new ministry, is the fact that Mr. Balfour has never pretended to be a strenuous legislator. His creed is what might be called a gentle pessimism. He can work hard; he can feel deeply He was the one minister outside the War Office and the Colonial Department who showed his concern during the disastrous days in which the late war opened, by giving up his vacation and returning to London; and it was he who helped England through the awful hour when Buller was suggesting the surrender of Ladysmith, and thereby shaking the Empire to its very foundations. But still, at bottom Mr. Balfour is not a believer in heroics, in rapid or great changes; the world has for him no millenniums: it proceeds with its law-ordained regularity—with pretty general dissatisfaction as its final and most dominant mood

Lord Halsbury's Coveted Woolsack

These being the factors, it was evident that Mr. Balfour would not go beyond a mere re-shuffle of the old cards, and would do as little, even of that, as was possible. It is practically the same ministry as that which Lord Salisbury left There were several old men in the ministry; one old man only has gone, and he is not the oldest. It had been expected that Lord Halsbury, the Lord Chancellor, would certainly go. This man is really one of the phenomena of the age Nobody cares much for him; he has the reputation of always having been among the laziest of men; he is in politics narrow; his place has been coveted for some years by more than one illustrious member of his profession and his party. Lord Alverstone, for instance—the present Lord Chief Justice—was, next to Charles Russell, the biggest lawyer of his time; and he was certainly entitled to the Lord Chancellorship by length of service to his party as well as by his extraordinary preeminence in the profession; but he waited for a decade, and still Lord Halsbury held on to the woolsack—aged, crabbed, narrow, brusque in temper and in tongue; and in the end Lord Alverstone gave up the struggle and took a judgeship. To-day a shrewd Scotchman named Finlay is Attorney-General. He also has considerable professional eminence, though nothing like Webster's; and, of course, he would be only too delighted to get the Lord Chancellorship. He is a young man, as politicians go with us, just turned sixty, and he certainly might add to the strength and the decision of the Cabinet; but Lord Halsbury holds on, and Finlay disappears into disappointed space. To add to the curiosity of this weird figure it should be added that Lord Halsbury is perhaps the most homely man that ever held exalted office.

Mr. Ritchie, the Genius of Commonplaceness

Mr. Ritchie's accession to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer might also have been foreseen in a ministry which Mr. Balfour would create. Mr. Ritchie is the type of politician who seems to succeed by the sheer force of commonplaceness. He is a very poor speaker; he knows nothing of the higher politics, and until he entered Parliament he was just a commonplace, shrewd, uninspired—jute was the commodity in which he dealt—business man, doing a steady but not a huge trade. He must have made some hundreds of speeches in the course of his twenty-two years of parliamentary life, but there isn't a human being who can recall a sentence he ever uttered; it is doubtful if he could do so himself. He has never taken part in any of the great party debates where the big orators of all sides enter the ring and appeal to Demos. And yet, there is no minister in the House of Commons who has passed so many measures into law. He strikes the target of the Commonplace with the instinct of genius, and always therefore proposes something to which the average uninspired man will agree. The humdrum man who holds with no very great stringency to any political party or to any political principle is the man whom Mr. Ritchie has in view. Of that Shifting Balance of uninformed and contradictory opinion which makes the turn-over at elections, Mr. Ritchie is the inspired barometer. Accordingly he is able to bring in a bill on the Liquor Traffic which the saloonkeeper does not fear and the moderate temperance man accepts. The measure, of course, will practically do nothing, but it is good enough to pass muster for a moderate and practical measure. The Shifting Balance rejoices; and Mr. Ritchie carries his bill, and gets credit for immense tact. It is really the instinct of the Commonplace in attuning itself to the Commonplace. Physically Mr. Ritchie is a big, raw-boned Scotchman, with very dark complexion, coarse, strong features, a thick utterance; a rough-and-tumble kind of man.

There are two new Cabinet ministers who are of a very different type. Mr. George Wyndham is in many respects one of the most picturesque figures in the House of Commons. He is picturesque in his ancestry; he is picturesque in his appearance; he is picturesque in his present position. By ancestry on the English side he belongs to families that have played their part in the parliamentary history of England for centuries. Two of his ancestors perished on the Cavalier side in the Civil War in which the crown of Charles and his life were lost; another ancestor was one of the men who fought Sir Robert Walpole for twenty years; another was a prominent parliamentarian in the close of the eighteenth century. On the Irish side Mr. Wyndham's ancestry is quite as historic. He is the great grandson of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, that young and gallant member of the historic house of the Duke of Leinster who took arms for the liberty of Ireland in 1798. Lord Edward made a marriage as romantic as himself; his wife was Pamela, the daughter of Madame de Genlis.

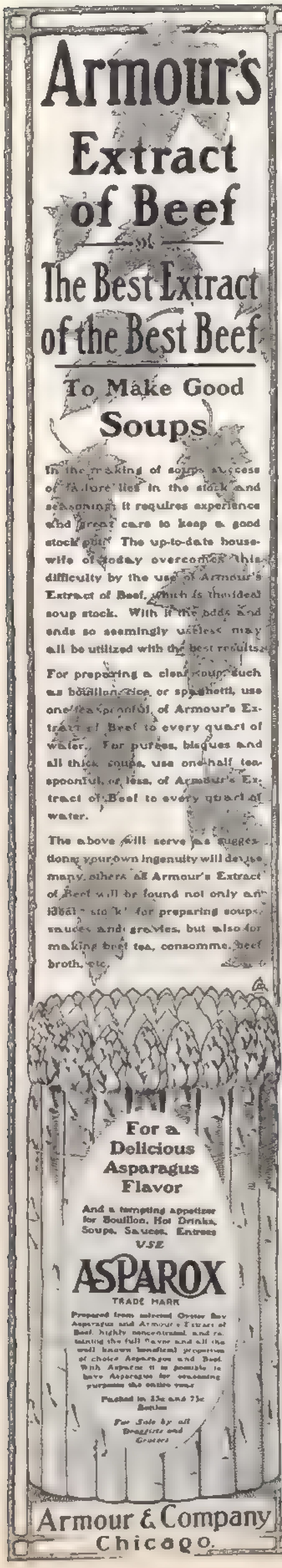
The George Wyndham of to-day is in appearance the fitting representative of a poetic and high-bred race. He is one of the handsomest men in the House of Commons. His hair used to be raven black; and with brilliant blue-gray Irish eyes under dark lashes, with high, aquiline nose, with a head of abundant hair of poetic length and cut, he might have stood for a poet of the Sierras, or some such romantic figure. The hair has been silvered by the struggles of politics, but it is still long, abundant, poetic. Add that he has, in spite of the approach of the fatal fortieth year, a figure with a slight waist, with alert movement and upright carriage—the figure, in fact, of the cavalry officer—one of the passing epochs of his life—and you will understand what a wonderfully handsome fellow Mr. Wyndham is

The Versatility of the Secretary for Ireland

His mind bears a resemblance to his body. It is refined, poetical, full of dreams and projects. He has written a preface to Shakespeare's Sonnets, and is steeped in literature. Curiously enough—this is a fact not generally known about him—Mr. Wyndham has, in addition, considerable talents as a man of business. He is a railway director; he is a master of figures; he can interest himself as much in a big financial scheme as in a sonnet. His oratory is the most graceful in the House of Commons to-day. It is the tragic part of his career that with the blood of a great Irish rebel in his veins he has come to the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland at a moment when he is bound to be brought into conflict with the sentiment of the mass of the Irish people. It is not the work nor the times in Ireland for which he is suited by temperament and tradition. It would have been much more suitable if he had been

RIGHT HON. C. T. RITCHIE

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN



Armour's Extract of Beef

The Best Extract of the Best Beef

To Make Good Soups

In the making of soups success or failure lies in the stock and seasoning; it requires experience and great care to keep a good stock pot. The up-to-date housewife of today overcomes this difficulty by the use of Armour's Extract of Beef, which is the ideal soup stock. With it the odds and ends so seemingly useless may all be utilized with the best results.

For preparing a clear soup, such as bouillon, rice, or spaghetti, use one teaspoonful of Armour's Extract of Beef to every quart of water. For purées, bisques and all thick soups, use one-half teaspoonful, or less, of Armour's Extract of Beef to every quart of water.

The above will serve as suggestions; your own ingenuity will devise many others. Armour's Extract of Beef will be found not only an ideal stock for preparing soups, sauces and gravies, but also for making beef tea, consomme, beef broth, etc.

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And a tempting appetizer for Bouillon, Hot Drinks, Soups, Sauces, Entrees

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reserved for the day of reconciliation between the two nations—a day which I hope and believe to be nearer than many people think

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the other young Cabinet minister, is as representative of new England as Mr. Wyndham is of old. Every drop of blood in his veins is of the shop, shoppy. His father and all his forefathers have been engaged in business ever since the family began. Young Chamberlain inherits these traditions, and he owes his success largely to the prosaic, painstaking, business aptitude which he has brought to the House of Commons. Like Mr. Ritchie, he has never made a memorable speech, never said a brilliant thing: possibly never will say a brilliant thing He is not a bad speaker—as Mr. Ritchie is; on the contrary, he speaks with a certain agreeable fluency; but there is none of the striking imagery of the orator; there is none of that impelling and volcanic passion which lies behind the cold, clear utterance of his father. He is simply a very smooth-spoken, tranquil, businesslike young man who has mastered his facts and his figures; who answers sweetly and tersely, who, in short, acts as a minister with something of the easy grace which the young salesman displays at the ladies' counter.

In appearance young Mr. Chamberlain has a close resemblance to his father. He has a long face like his father; he dresses very carefully like his father; he wears a single eye-glass like his father. But the face is of a gentler type. The softer nature of the mother has evidently commingled with and transfused the hard nature of the father. And young Mr. Chamberlain has had the advantage of university training and devotion to politics from his earliest years—things which distinguish his career from that of his father, who had no university training, and who, up to his fortieth year, was mainly absorbed in the work of getting rich

The other members of the new Cabinet do not call for much notice. Mr. Aretas Akers-Douglas, who was for many years Chief Whip, and who until lately was First Commissioner of Works, has been transferred to the Home Office. He is a tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed Saxon, with an easy temper, a sweet smile and a soft tranquillity of manner. He never makes an enemy, never says a harsh thing, is civil even to an Irish member, and turns away the wrath of the dourest Scotchman by the softest of answers. He will be discreet easy-tempered, unambitious in his new office—it is one which it is very difficult to fill unless a man has a tranquil soul and a somewhat commonplace mind. Either ambition or intellectual originality would be fatal

The Father-Confessor of the Party

Sir William Walrond has been Chief Whip for several years; he is now Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. This is an office which plays the same part in the political body as the vermiform appendix does in the human body: it is a survival, the use of which has apparently passed away. The Duchy of Lancaster supplies the Prince of Wales with a portion of his income, and there accordingly is some work to be done in the administration of his vast estate in the big county. But this is not ministerial work, and the only reason the office has been retained is to give a Prime Minister a chance of having a handy man about him who can take up odd jobs that the other ministers find it impossible to do. The late Lord Dufferin, who had a quaint way of putting things, once held the office of Chancellor of the Duchy, and he described himself as "a maid of all work" in the ministry. Sir William Walrond is a tall, straight-limbed, blue-eyed Saxon; a squire of ancient descent; suave, tranquil reticent; an ideal man for the office of Whip

The Whip in the House of Commons has most of the secret and delicate work of a party to do. Besides being the collector of opinion—the barometer who sets to fair weather or foul as the moods of the party change, and who has therefore to advise the leader of the House as to what the division lobbies are going to do—besides being all this, the Chief Whip has much of the smaller patronage to give away. Patronage is not now in England what it once was, and what in America it still is; the competition system is the only door to most of the Civil Service appointments, and every citizen's son is free to try his chance at entering through that door. But still there are small things—local postmasterships and trifles of that kind—which the Chief Whip controls.

Another and perhaps more important piece of patronage in the hands of the Chief Whip is the choice of parliamentary candidates. He is always consulted by the local caucus when an election comes on, and it rests with him very often to say who shall get the hardship of a forlorn hope or the luxury of a safe seat. Finally, the Chief Whip is the Father-Confessor of the Party. It is he who has to be told first of this man's scrape about money and the other's about a lady; who has to help all kinds of lame dogs over all kinds of stiles. A man who has been trusted with such secrets must be a model of discretion. Sir William Walrond's discretion is sufficiently indicated by the fact that he held his office for many years to the satisfaction of all

Lord Londonderry is head of the Board of Education—a new department. There is nothing to be said about him except that he is a very rich landlord, owns vast estates in the North of Ireland and big coal mines in England; entertains hugely, drives a four-in-hand, and is somewhat narrow and reactionary. He owes his place probably to his immense family influence and his great wealth. It used to be said that the obstinate bachelorhood of Mr. Balfour was once menaced by a *tendresse* for one of Lord Londonderry's daughters, but the lady was lately married to a young peer, and possibly the story had nothing in it

Young Mr. Forster, who has been made a Junior Whip, is just the type of young fellow that gets that kind of place. He is tall, muscular, a great cricketer, clean-shaven, clean-limbed, dark, quiet; the kind of young man whom you would know to be an Englishman of the upper classes whether you met him at the top of Mont Blanc or the bottom of the Anaconda mine.

Two Cabinet Disappearances

Two words, finally, as to two disappearances. Sir John Gorst is one of the freaks of parliamentary life. He is one of the ablest men in the House of Commons. He it was who founded that famous Fourth Party which raised Lord Randolph Churchill to power and which, considering its size, was the most potent parliamentary force ever seen in British politics, not even excepting the young party which Parnell had around him in the eighties Of that group Gorst was the most effective He knew more than Lord Randolph, who at that period was appallingly ignorant; he is said to have never read Hamlet and to have known nothing about it till he saw Sir Henry Irving play it at Oxford. But Gorst was already a trained politician and a trained lawyer, and indeed had already had a career. He was a newspaper editor in New Zealand in his early days, and his office was once the target of Maori and British bullets. Cold, audacious, cynical, Gorst can always make a speech which surprises, shocks, delights the House of Commons. But he has the kink in his mind that made it impossible for him ever to get on with anybody, and so he has seen men without one-tenth of his ability advance while he has remained stationary in a subordinate office More than once he has been told that his room would be regarded by his colleagues as better than his company; but he has held obstinately on. And now in his old age he is "chucked"—to use the House of Commons' familiar phrase—a soured, disappointed, unhappy man

Jesse Collings is also one of the "chucked." A queer, quaint, gentle little personality is Jesse Collings His people were small tradesmen in Devon. He went to Birmingham, founded a little business, went into politics became a follower and an intimate of Mr Chamberlain, and when the spoils came to be distributed got a little office with a salary of six thousand dollars a year. But he has held that office for several years, and I suppose it was thought he had had it long enough. He goes back to obscurity He is poor, and a little disappointed; and his beard is white. He is one of the flotsam and jetsam with which the shores of political life are heavily strewn.

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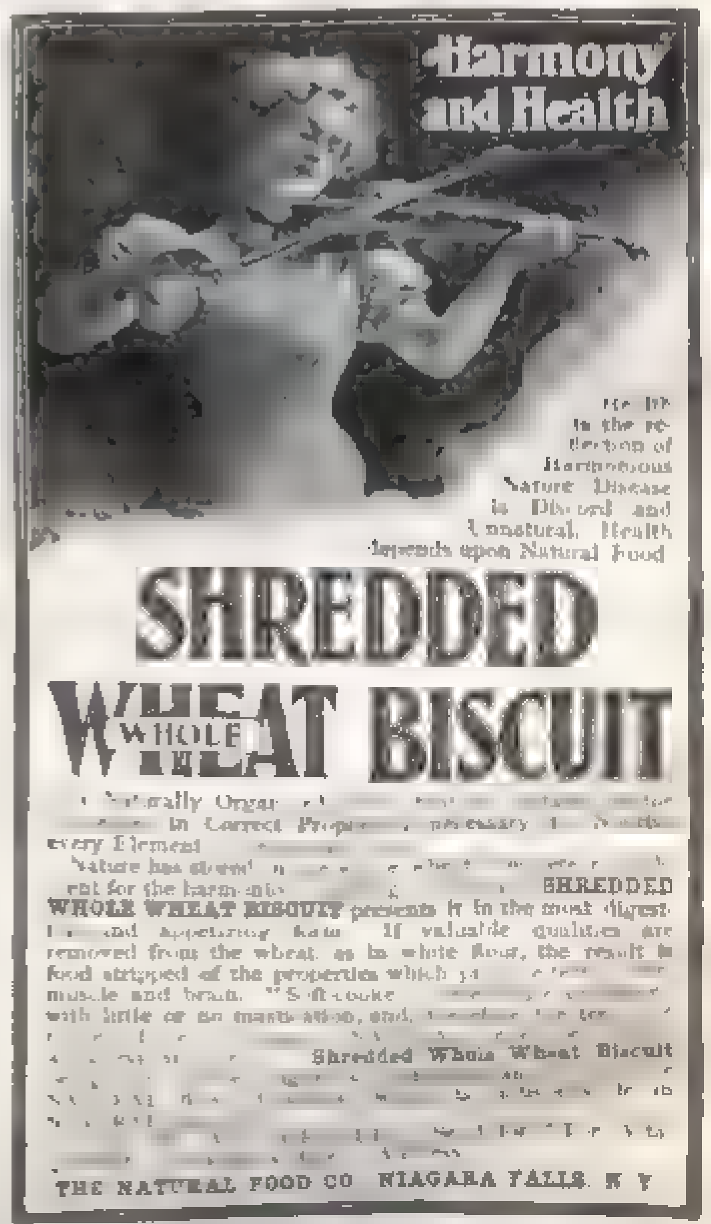

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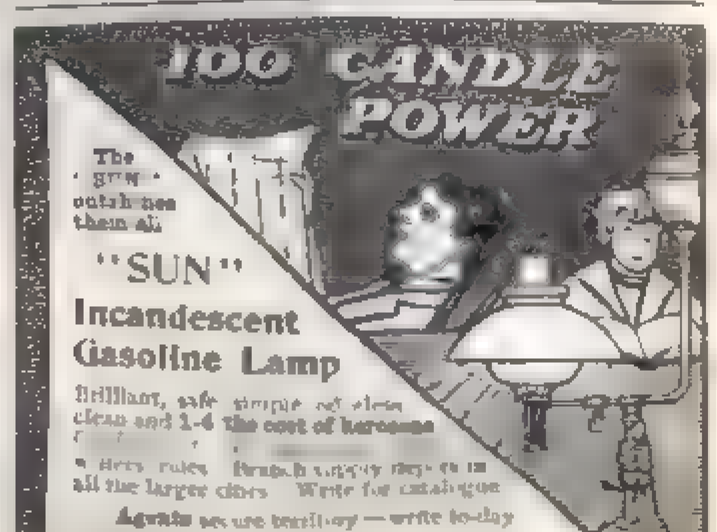

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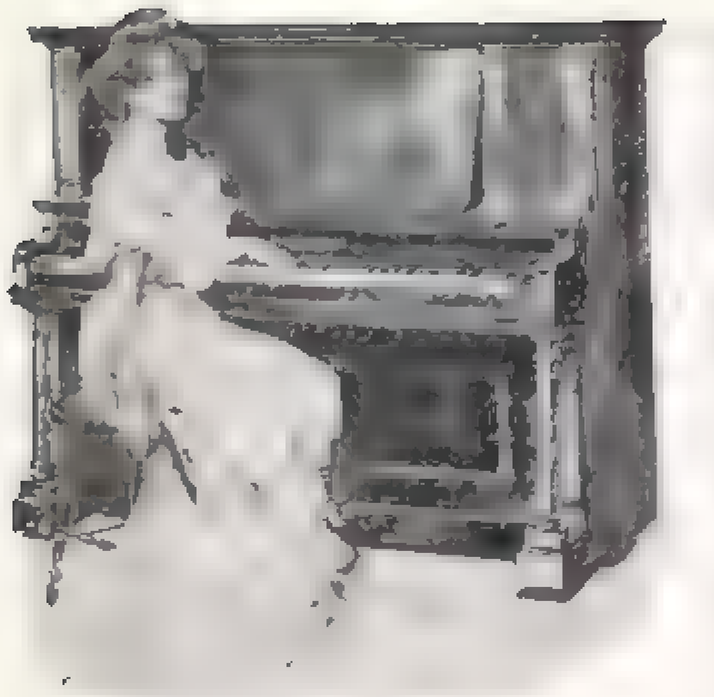

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UNCLE HIRAM ON EDUCATION

By Charles Battell Loomis

I

LETTER from Darius Stetson, of New York City, to Hiram Stetson, of Oak Corners, Connecticut

Dear Hiram: I have about made up my mind that my boy Stephen is growing too fast and thinking too much of his books. Will you take care of him for a year and let him have just the life we had when we were boys? I don't suppose he will be of much help, as he is weak and very much of a city boy, but he is friendly and I'm sure he will like his Uncle Hiram and Aunt Mehitable. Let me hear from you, and if you think well of the idea we'll be glad of the excuse to bring him up and visit the old place once more. Constance sends love.

Yours affy., DARIUS STETSON

II

Letter from Hiram Stetson, of Oak Corners, to Darius Stetson, of New York

Dear Darius: I ain't much on letter writing, but I can't set down fast enough to tell you to send that boy along and to come yourselves. You've happened to hit one of my hobbies. You know that Oak Corners is getting to be considerable some of a summer place. City folks say the air up here is as good as White Mountain air, and I dare say they're right. City folks are interesting people if you get holt of 'em the right way, and I've had a good many talks with different ones, and the thing that gets me is the great store they set on book education.

Mothers come up here with their children, the whole lot of 'em pale an' nervous, an' just the time of year it would do 'em most good is when the September winds begin to blow or along in October when the air is worth a hundred bottles of sassypariller (don't know if I spelled that right, but that's the way it's pronounced), but along about the first of September they begin to get uneasy and talk about getting back to the city so that John and Dorothy can begin to load up for another nine months.

I tell 'em it would do Johnny more good twenty years from now if he was to stay up here all winter for one winter, at any rate. Let him go to the deestrict school and get some book-learning and a good deal of outdoors into him. If ma stayed up too it would probably keep her out of the graveyard for five or six years, but there's mighty few that'll allow you're talking hoss sense. Johnny and Dorothy must go to a city school and get stuffed the way they stuff geese at Thanksgiving, and chances are the stuffing won't do 'em any more good than it does the goose. And ma must go back to the narrow little flat and grow thinner and thinner, and twenty years from now there won't be no ma and Johnny will have forgot three-quarters of what he learned, and be wondering why it is that little feller that didn't know how to read that summer he spent up at Oak Corners is one of the most successful men in New York.

There was a feller up here one summer so proud of his daughter's ability to learn that he went and filled her chock-full of education till she was down to the water's edge, and then he gave her another load at a finishing school—and it finished her all right. She went down with all her education on board and to-day she's in an asylum for the feeble-minded.

Some of these parents think they can't begin too early to stuff their children the way Mehitable stuffs puddings full of raisins; but children stuffed that way are apt to be like the puddings—unhealthy.

Yes, send the boy along and I'll teach him a lot he can't get in books, and he won't be so heavily loaded with education that he creaks and finally gets stuck in a rut.

I say if the city schools was to wait until the middle of October before beginning it would be a heap better for teachers and scholars. An educated boy with a monument over him is not half as much use to the world as a healthy boy whose body has been allowed some rights.

Mehitable sends love and says come up. I didn't mean to write so long a letter, but this thing has been bilin' in me for some time and I'm glad to get rid of it. We'll take care of Stephen and he'll be lots of help on the farm. Be sure to come yourself with him and bring Constance. You may need some of this air in your business.

Your brother HIRAM

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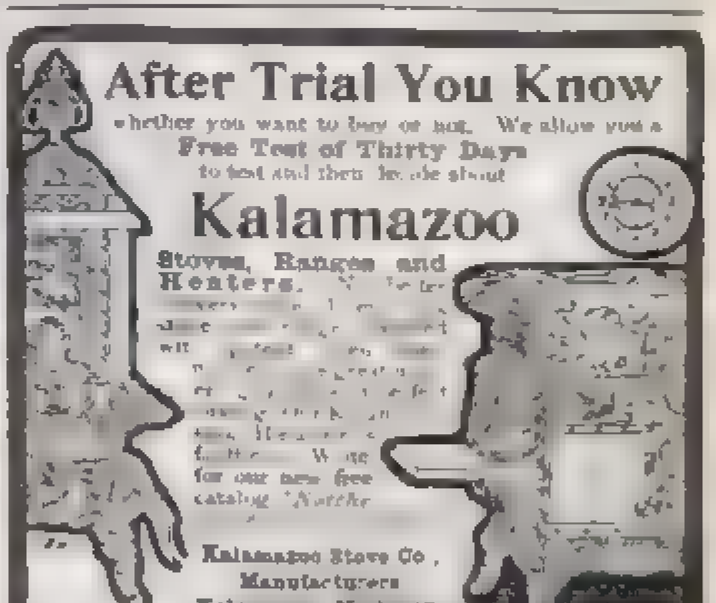

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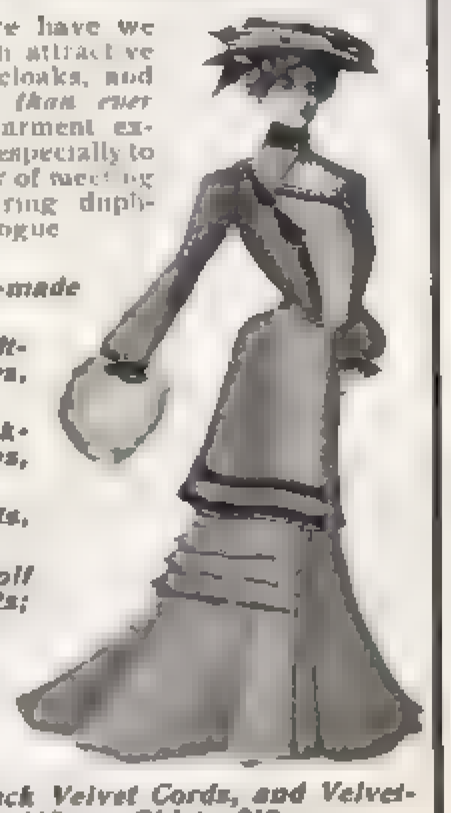

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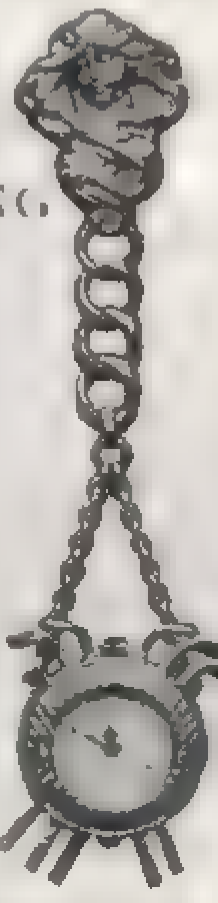

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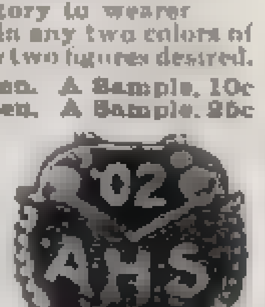

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The Western Teacher's Progress

By Hayden Carruth

FROM The Placer Gulch (Idaho) Daily Palladium for September 6

We take pleasure in announcing that our school board has hired Miss Eunice Peters to take charge of the recently organized school Miss Peters comes to us from the East highly recommended as an efficient teacher, and we welcome her to our bustling young city. The children of Placer Gulch are to be congratulated on the pleasant and profitable year before them. With four churches already built, six more projected, the foundation for the county jail laid and the best half-mile race-track west of the Missouri River we are certainly booming.

From The Palladium for September 14.

A pretty wedding was solemnized at high noon to-day when our popular townsman, Jim Vance, led to the altar Miss Eunice Peters, of Grammar School No. 1. They will begin housekeeping on Grubstake Avenue. The school is necessarily closed for the present but our wide-awake school board has already engaged another teacher

From The Palladium for September 17

Miss Beatrice Hall arrived from the East last night and this morning took charge of our school. She comes highly recommended as an accomplished teacher, and our children are again in their places. There are few things which do so much good as a well conducted school, and Placer Gulch has one of the best

From The Palladium for September 24.

Our readers will rejoice to hear that another wedding has taken place in our thriving community. Tom Bankside is the lucky man, and his bride is Miss Beatrice Hall, who has had charge of our school. The event took place last evening, and they have gone to housekeeping on Lariat Avenue. The school will open again next week under the auspices of another teacher already engaged by our able school board.

From The Palladium for September 26

Among the arrivals on the 8:30 train this morning was Miss Mary Clerkinwell, an experienced teacher from the East. She took immediate charge of our excellent school, and the pupils are again settled down to hard work. There is nothing in Placer Gulch which is doing more to attract the right sort of settlers than our school. It was a wise investment on the part of our taxpayers

From The Palladium for October 1:

Lightning has struck again, and this time Hank Plummer is the man who is hit. He was married at three P. M. to Miss Mary Clerkinwell, of the grammar school, which closed at noon. The pupils will, however, have but a short vacation as our stirring school board has telegraphed for another instructor. The happy couple will begin housekeeping on Goldpan Avenue

From The Palladium for October 4

The busy hum of study again comes from our commodious school building, Miss Katharine Jones having taken charge this morning. She comes from the East, where she has been a highly successful teacher. We congratulate all concerned

From the Palladium for October 8

Married: Jones — Tompkins. At the residence of Mr. Peter Houston, by Reverend Short, John Tompkins to Katharine Jones By the above it will be seen that John has got a good helpmate and has the prospect before him of years of happiness. The presents were numerous and costly. Mr. and Mrs Tompkins have begun housekeeping on Prairiedog Boulevard. The school will open once more Monday, our bustling school board seeing which way the wind was blowing having sent for another teacher the day before yesterday

From The Palladium for October 11:

We regret to report that the opening of Grammar School No. 1, announced for this morning, will be delayed for some days. Miss Dorothy Sedgwick arrived from the East to take charge Saturday morning, as per schedule. The prospect was good, and our

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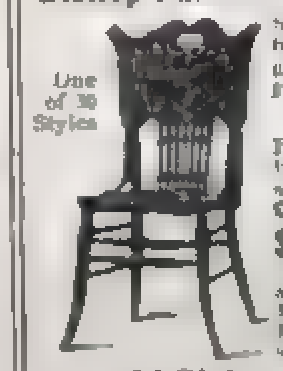

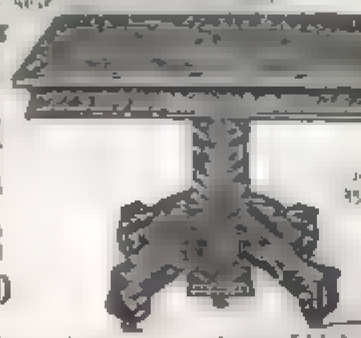

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hard-working school board were congratulating themselves, but, alas! yesterday the wedding bells rang gayly again when Dan Noble led Miss Sedgwick to the altar. They have begun housekeeping on Sitting Bull Avenue

From The Palladium for October 13

Our school is once more open. Miss Amelia Dobbs and Miss Harriet Comstock arrived yesterday from the East. Both are experienced teachers, and Miss Dobbs has already taken charge of our school. Miss Comstock will be held in reserve by our thoughtful school board, and the prospect is now excellent for a year of profitable work by our many pupils.

From The Palladium for October 16

Double Wedding — The M. E. parsonage was the scene of a most interesting double wedding this morning, when Jack Bailey and Miss Amelia Dobbs, and Bill Perkins and Miss Harriet Comstock, were united in holy matrimony. The Palladium congratulates all concerned, except the school board

From The Palladium for October 18

It is our sad duty to chronicle another set back for our excellent grammar school. Our experienced school board promptly engaged Miss Henrietta Ross, of Cleveland, Ohio, on hearing of the double wedding announced in our columns. She was to arrive on the evening train yesterday, but Bob Pickett (Bob was always a hustler) getting wind of it took Reverend Short and boarded the noon train for the East. Bob and Reverend Short met the westbound train at Silver City and before reaching Placer Gulch Bob and Miss Ross were married by the reverend gentleman

From The Palladium for October 20

Glad Tidings — At last the schoolma'am question is settled. This morning Miss Bessie Poindexter takes charge. She is from Washington, D. C., and comes highly recommended. She has given bonds in the sum of $500 that she will not marry before June 15 next

From The Palladium for October 22

Unfortunate Event Yesterday before breakfast Jeff Harrison called on our school board and informed them that Miss Poindexter wished her bond declared forfeited. He deposited $500 in cash and drove rapidly away. Two hours later he and Miss Poindexter were married at the Baptist parsonage. They will begin housekeeping on Smelter Avenue

From The Palladium for October 23

New Deal — Uncle Abner Pulverhook left for the East this morning bearing a commission from the school board to secure a teacher for our school. It is understood that a good stiff age limit is part of the contract. Uncle Abner should be a splendid man for the work He is not only an experienced business man, but is strictly honest, and was a teacher himself for several terms over forty years ago

From The Palladium for October 29

Letters just received from Uncle Abner Pulverhook report a bright outlook. He has secured a lady in Philadelphia for our school, and will arrive in a few days. Uncle Abner is unable to state her exact age, but he writes that she owns up to fifty eight, and he thinks she is older. This settles it

From The Palladium for October 31

Foiled Again — Our school board went over to the station last evening with a brass band to meet our new teacher, who was to arrive in charge of our well-known townsman, Uncle Abner Pulverhook. As the train steamed in the band got into position and waited for the signal to begin, but just as the chairman of the board started to give it Uncle Abner alighted and hastily explained that he and the lady had dropped off at Pittsburg and got married. The band struck up Mendelssohn's wedding march, and all proceeded to the Headquarters House, where a sumptuous wedding supper was served. An attempt to interview the school board to learn their future plans was a failure. Though diligent search was made by our reporter not one of the gentlemen could be found

From The Palladium for December 7

Professor Hiram Poplance, of St. Paul, has been hired by the new board to take charge of our school. Professor Poplance comes highly recommended. He has a wife and seven children, and will be a valuable addition to our society. The members of the old school board have all been released as cured, and no more trouble is expected.

THE men who made MODERN ELOQUENCE are all specialists. They are men who have achieved eminence in many and varied fields of activity. At their head, as Editor-in-Chief, is Hon. Thomas B. Reed, a man who brought to his task a superb equipment, unequaled by that of any other man in America. He has a wide and warm personal acquaintance with the greatest men of our literary, social, commercial and political life. He has a wonderfully fine instinct of discrimination, and has had the splendid assistance of 18 associates, and the unprecedented co-operation and contributions from the men who have voiced the greatest spoken thoughts of the Nineteenth Century. This has made possible MODERN ELOQUENCE, which, in its 10 handsomely bound and illustrated volumes, offers a greater opportunity for inspiring contact with great minds, and greater and truer educational and entertaining features than any set of books being sold to-day.

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These subscribers have learned, moreover, that "genius has put its illuminating stamp on every coin, and imagination has lent its glow to every line." **Many teachers and college professors** have been quick to recognize and take advantage of its literary and historical value, and its importance as a means of instruction in class room work.

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This work is the **hand-book** of the intelligent artisan, the professional man, the judge on the bench, the legislator at his desk and the Executive in his chair

The disquisition of questions which admit of different conclusions, are treated by men who have been closely identified with each particular movement — men of commanding intellect — men who possess the faculty of penetration — men of unerring logic, with perspicuity of style and finish.

AN ILLUSTRATION:

A letter recently received from Governor Nash, of Ohio, refers to the subject Expansion as being treated from ten distinct view-points. The late President McKinley, in his After-dinner Speech, *The Future of the Philippines*, delivered in Boston, outlines the policy of the administration regarding this absorbing question, which is still unsettled, and will no doubt remain so for years to come; President Roosevelt, in *True Americanism and Expansion*, voices his individuality; William J. Bryan's *America's Mission*, delivered in Washington, reviews the question historically and points to the destiny of other nations which have pursued the policy of "criminal aggression;" Assistant District Attorney James M Beck, discusses in *The Democracy of the Mayflower* the question also from a historical standpoint: but reaches different conclusions with equal logic; United States Senator Beveridge, in his beautiful After-dinner Speech, *The Republic that Never Retreats*, therein reflects his views of the question, gleaned from his personal experience and observations in the Philippine Islands; Wu Ting fang diplomatically reviews the question from the standpoint of the comity of nations; Edward VII, in *The Colonies*, and Joseph Chamberlain, in *Imperial Dominion*, maintain generally the English doctrine of colonization

This is a question of universal interest, and is to-day unsettled. Opposite views are held by members of the United States Supreme Court. Our colonial experience is new, and its problems are engrossing and interesting, and are bound to become an important issue in our governmental affairs. **These volumes were referred to on the above subject in the United States Senate during the discussion of "Civil Government for the Philippine Islands," on April 25th and 26th, last.**

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Diplomacy	"	7	"	Journalism	"	12	"
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XI

THE PIT

(Continued from Page 3)

Uninvolved in the crash, he had none the less been close to it, watching it, in touch with it, foreseeing each successive collapse by which it reeled fatally to the final catastrophe. The voices of the two men that had so annoyed her in the early part of the evening were suddenly raised again.

"[illegible] it was terrific, there on the floor of the Board this morning. By the Lord! they fought each other when the Bears began throwing the grain at 'em."

And abruptly, midway between two phases of that music-drama, of passion and romance, there came to Laura the swift and vivid impression of that other drama that simultaneously—even at that very moment—was working itself out close at hand, equally picturesque, equally romantic, equally passionate; but more than that, real, actual, modern, a thing in the very heart of the very life in which she moved. And here he sat, this Jadwin, quiet, in evening dress, listening good-naturedly to this beautiful music, for which he did not care, to this rant and fustian, watching quietly all this posing and attitudinizing. How small and petty it must all seem to him!

Laura found time to be astonished. What! She had first met this man haughtily, in all the panoply of her "grand manner," and had promised herself that she would humble him, and pay him for that first mistrustful stare at her. And now, behold, she was studying him, and finding the study interesting. Out of harmony though she knew him to be with those fine emotions of hers of the early part of the evening, she nevertheless found much in him to admire. It was always just like that. She told herself that she was forever doing the unexpected thing, the inconsistent thing. Women were queer creatures, mysterious even to themselves.

"I am so pleased that you are enjoying it all," said Corthell's voice at her shoulder. "I knew you would. There is nothing like music such as this to appeal to the emotions, the heart—and with your temperament——"

Straightway he made her feel her sex. Now she was just a woman again, with all a woman's limitations, and her relations with Corthell could never be—so she realized—any other than sex-relations. With Jadwin somehow it had been different. She had felt his manhood more than her womanhood, her sex side. And between them it was more a give-and-take affair, more equality, more companionship. Corthell spoke only of her heart and to her heart. But Jadwin made her feel—or rather she made herself feel when he talked to her—that she had a head as well as a heart.

The last act of the opera did not wholly absorb her attention. The artists came and went, the orchestra wailed and boomed, the audience applauded; and in the end the tenor, fired by a sudden sense of duty and of stern obligation, tore himself from the arms of the soprano, and calling out upon remorseless fate and upon Heaven, and declaiming about the vanity of glory, and his heart that broke yet disdained tears, allowed himself to be dragged off the scene by his friend the basso. For the fifth time during the piece the soprano fainted in the arms of her long-suffering confidante. The audience, suddenly remembering hats and wraps, bestirred itself, and many parties were already upon their feet and filing out at the time the curtain fell.

The Cresslers and their friends were among the last to regain the vestibule. But as they came out from the foyer, where the first drafts of outside air began to make themselves felt, there were exclamations: "It's raining!" "Why, it's raining right down!"

It was true. Abruptly the weather had moderated, and the fine, dry snow that had been falling since early evening had changed to a lugubrious drizzle. Upon the sidewalks and by the curbs an apparently inextricable confusion prevailed; policemen with drawn clubs labored and objurgated; anxious, preoccupied young men, their opera hats and gloves beaded with rain, hurried to and fro searching for their carriages. At the edge of the awning, the caller, a gigantic fellow in gold-faced uniform, shouted the numbers in a roaring singsong that dominated every other sound. Coachmen, their wet rubber coats reflecting the lamplight, called back and forth, furious quarrels broke out between hansom drivers and the police officers, steaming horses with jingling bits, their backs covered with dark green cloths, plunged and pranced, carriage doors banged, and the roll of wheels upon the pavement was as the reverberation of artillery caissons.

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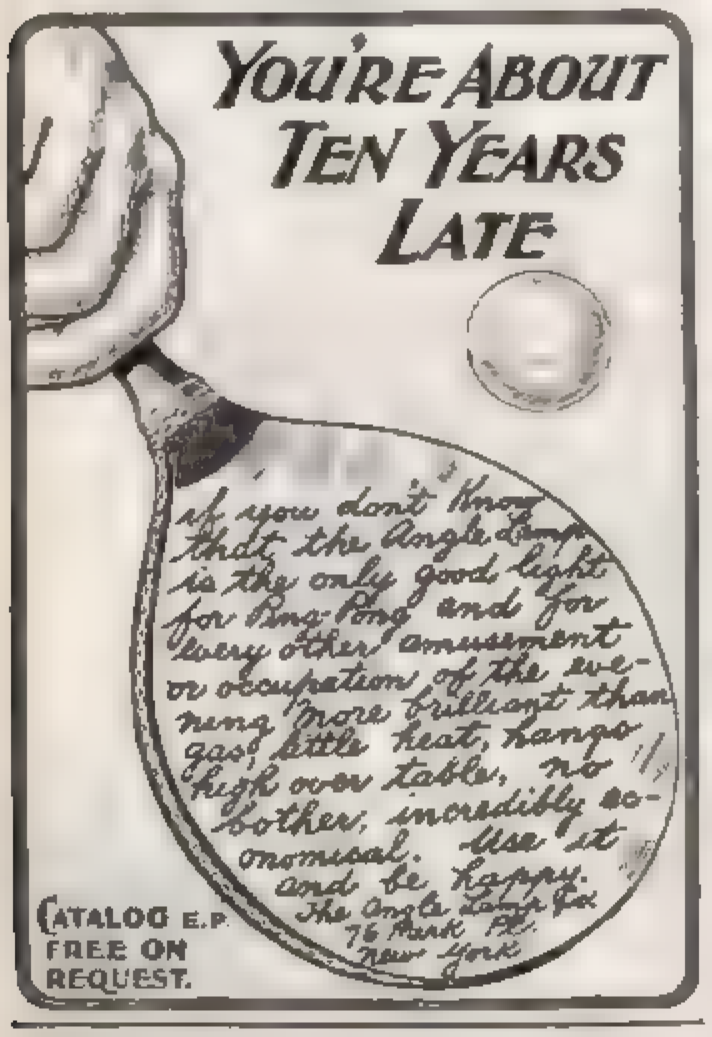

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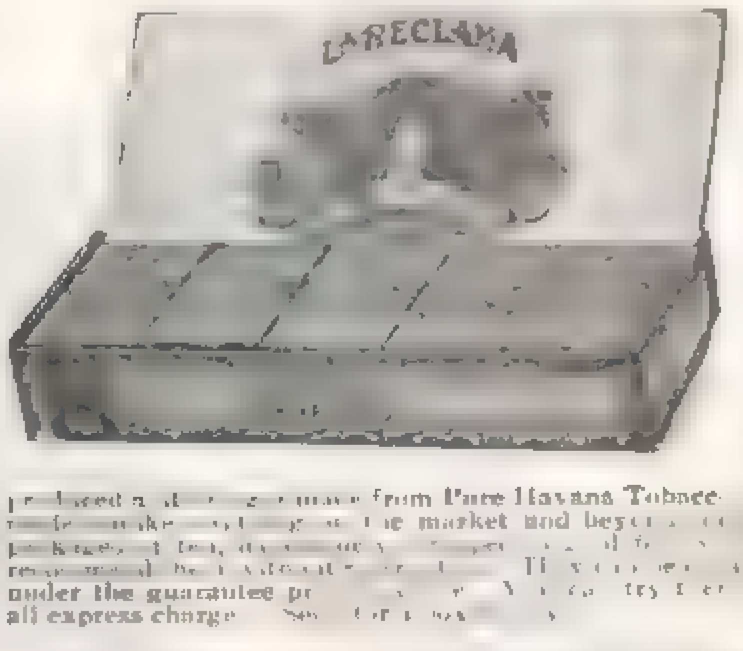

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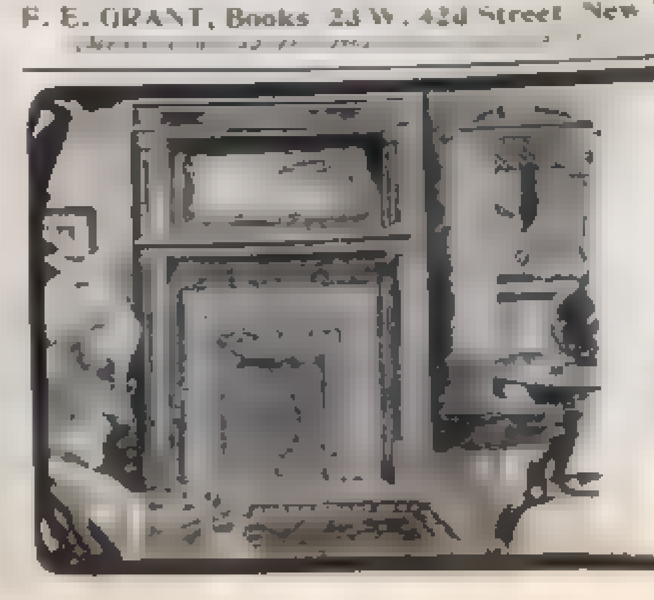

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"Get your carriage, sir?" cried a ragged, half grown Arab at Cressler's elbow.

"Hurry up, then," said Cressler. Then, raising his voice, for the clamor was increasing with every second: "What's your number, Laura? You girls first. Ninety-three? Get that, boy! Ninety-three. Quick now."

The carriage appeared. Hastily they said good-by; hastily Laura expressed to Mrs. Cressler her appreciation and enjoyment. Corthell saw them to the carriage, and getting in after them shut the door behind him.

Laura sank back in the cool gloom of the carriage's interior redolent of damp leather and upholstery.

"What an evening! What an evening!" she murmured.

The carriage rolled on through the darkened downtown streets toward the North Side, where the Dearborns lived. They could hear the horses plashing through the layer of slush—mud, half melted snow and rain—that encumbered the pavement. In the gloom the girls' wraps glowed pallid and diaphanous. The rain left long, slanting parallels on the carriage windows. They passed on down Wabash Avenue, and crossed over to State Street and Clarke Street, dark, deserted.

Laura, after a while lost in thought, spoke but little. It had been a great evening—because of other things than mere music. Corthell had again asked her to marry him, and she, carried away by the excitement of the moment, had answered him encouragingly. On the heels of this she had had that little talk with the capitalist Jadwin, and somehow since then she had been steadied, calmed. The cold air and the rain in her face had cooled her flaming cheeks and hot temples. She asked herself now if she did really, honestly love the artist. No, she did not; really and honestly she did not; and now as the carriage rolled on through the deserted streets of the business districts she knew very well that she did not want to marry him. She had done him an injustice; but in the matter of righting herself with him, correcting his false impression, she was willing to procrastinate. She wanted him to love her, to pay her all those innumerable little attentions which he managed with such faultless delicacy. To say: "No, Mr. Corthell, I do not love you; I will never be your wife," would—this time—be final. He would go away, and she had no intention of allowing him to do that. But abruptly her reflections were interrupted. While she thought it all over she had been looking out of the carriage window through a little space where she had rubbed the steam from the pane. Now, all at once, the strange appearance of the neighborhood as the carriage turned north from out Jackson Street into La Salle forced itself upon her attention. She uttered an exclamation.

The office buildings on both sides of the street were lighted from basement to roof. Through the windows she could get glimpses of clerks and bookkeepers in shirt-sleeves bending over desks. Every office was open, and every one of them full of a feverish activity. The sidewalks were almost as crowded as though at noontime. Messenger boys ran to and fro, and groups of men stood on the corners in earnest conversation. The whole neighborhood was alive, and this, though it was close upon one o'clock in the morning!

"Why, what is it all?" she murmured.

Corthell could not explain, but all at once Page cried.

"Oh, oh, I know. See, this is Jackson and La Salle Streets. Landry was telling me. The commission district, he called it. And these are the brokers' offices working overtime—that Helmick deal, you know."

Laura looked, suddenly stupefied. Here it was, then, that other drama, that other tragedy, working on there furiously, fiercely through the night, while she and all those others had sat there in that atmosphere of flowers and perfume, listening to music. Yes, here was drama in deadly earnest—drama and tragedy and death, and the jar of mortal fighting. And the echoes of it invaded the very sanctuary of art, and cut athwart the music of Italy and the cadence of polite conversation, and the shock of it endured when all the world should have slept, and galvanized into vivid life all these sombre piles of office buildings. It was dreadful, this labor through the night. It had all the significance of field hospitals after the battle—hospitals and the tents of commanding generals. The wounds of the day were being bound up, the dead were being counted, while, shut in their headquarters, the captains and the commanders drew the plans for the grapple of armies that was to recommence with daylight.

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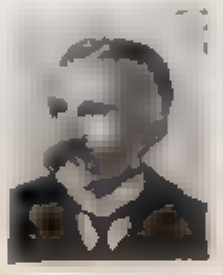

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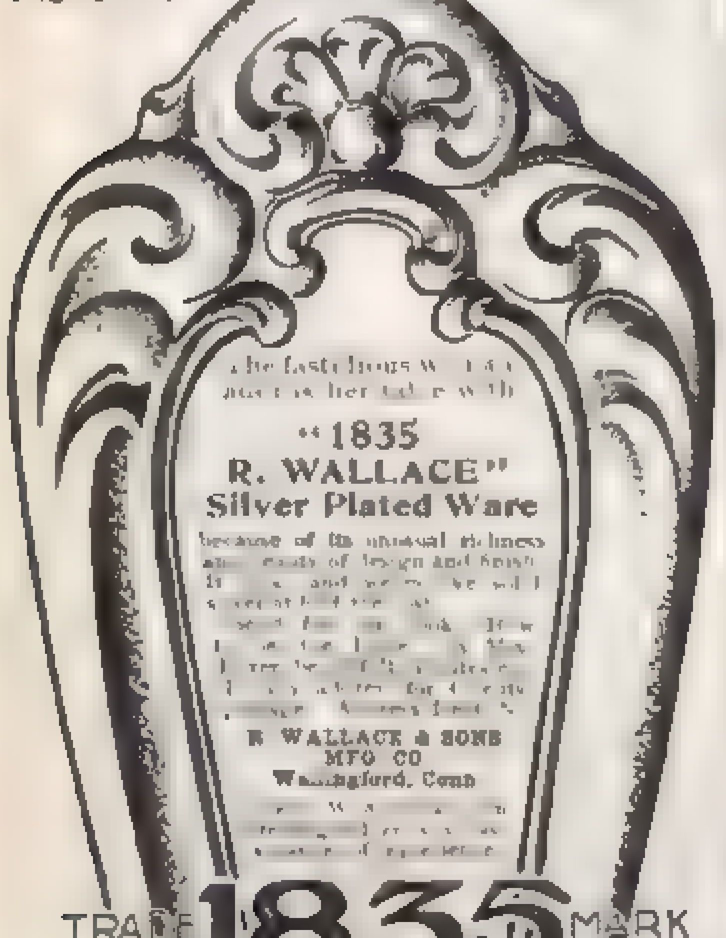

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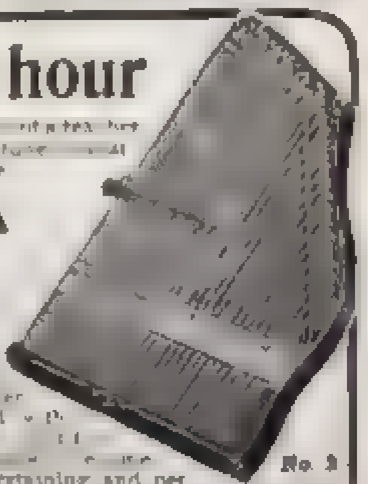

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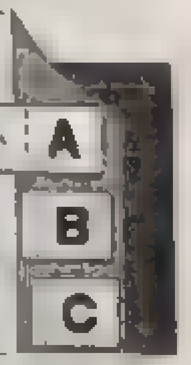

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  Allus laughs when childern ast
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  Other day we's drivin' past
Skinny Munger's — Pa 'n' me —
  When I heard a kind o' song.
An' *I* looks down the road an' see
  Our new teacher comin' long.
Hummin' like she allus does
  Goin' cross-lots through th' wood —
Gee! I like her! For, *bec'us'*
  She's awful pretty an' s' good.
An' when she'd passed I says t' Pa
  "Was you real big an' old before
You left off school an' married Ma?"
  An' then he laughed till he was sore!
At night when it gits awful dark
  An' everything seems still an' sad,
An' I just lay abed an' hark —
  Wishin' I never would be bad —
Ma comes an' talks to me 'bout things
  A boy don't think of in the light
God an' th' angels with bright wings
  Well; she laid down with me las' night
An' told me 'bout th' time when she
  Was little, too, an' kind o' 'fraid
Of everything at night, like me.
  Then I ast Ma how 'twas that I
Come straight to her an' Pa an' not
  To some one else. She laughed t' cry,
An' said she'd actually forgot!

*

RELUCTANCE

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

WILL I have some mo' dat pie?
    No, ma'am, thankee, dat is — I —
  Bettah quit dashin' me.
Dat ah pie look sutny good.
How'd you feel now ef I would?
I don' reckon dat I should —
  Bettah quit dashin' me

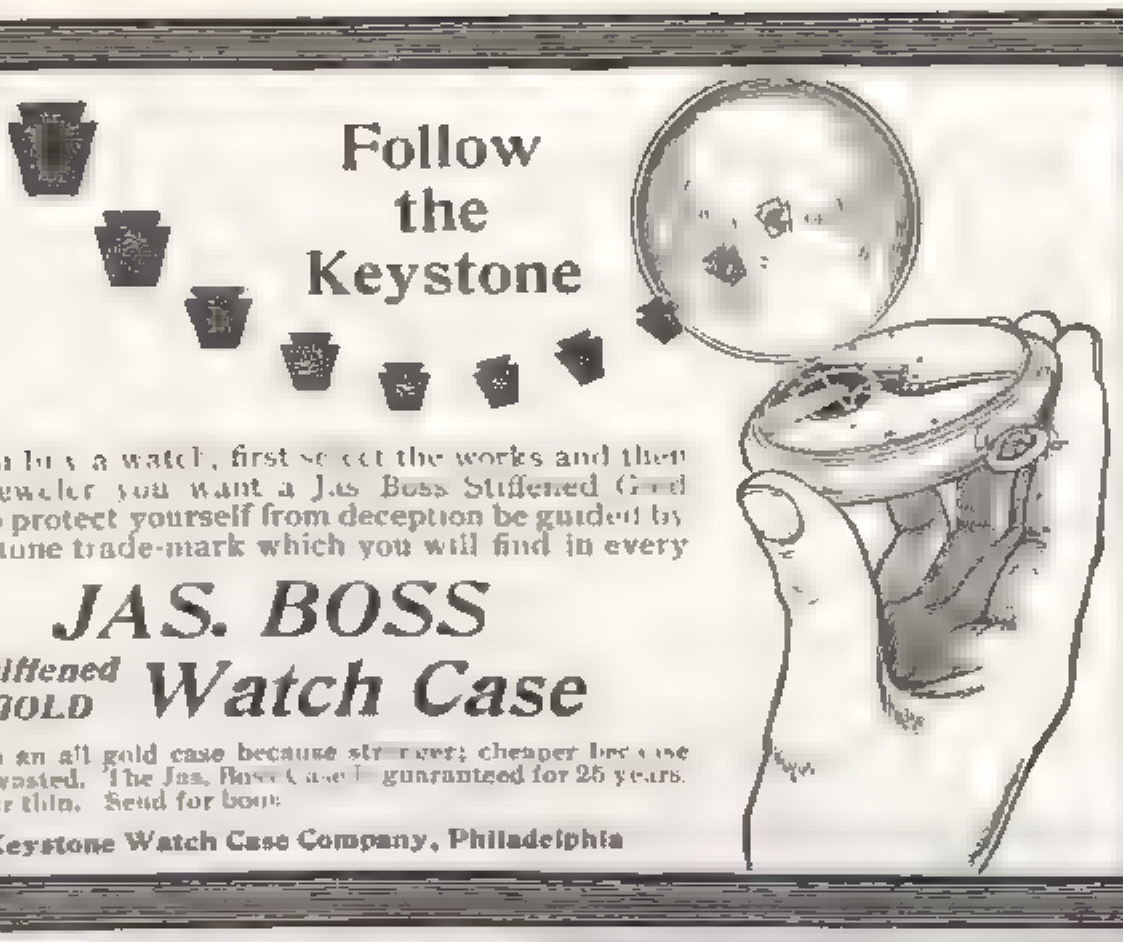
Look hyeah, I gwine tell de truf.
Mine is sholy one sweet toof;
  Bettah quit dashin' me.
Yass'm, yass'm, dat's all right.
I's done tried to be perlite,
But dat pie's a lakly sight;
  Bettah quit dashin' me.

My, yo' lips is full an' red,
Don't I wish you'd tu'n yo' haid?
  Bettah quit dashin' me
Dat ain't fair, now, honey chile,
I's gwine lose my sense erwhile
Ef you des' set dah an' smile;
  Bettah quit dashin' me.

Nuffin' don' look ha'f so fine
Ez dem teef, deah, w'en dey shine;
  Bettah quit dashin' me.
Now, look hyeah, I tells you dis,
I'll give up all othah bliss
Des to have one little kiss;
  Bettah quit dashin' me

Laws, I teks yo' little han'.
Ain't it tendah? Bless de lan'!
  Bettah quit dashin' me.
I's so lonesome by myse'f
D'ain't no fun in livin' lef';
Dis hyeah life's as dull as def;
  Bettah quit dashin' me

Whyn't you tek yo' han' erway?
Yass, I'll hol' it, but I say,
  Bettah quit dashin me!
Hol'in' han's is sholy fine,
Seems lak dat's de weddin' sign;
Wish you'd say dat you'd be mine;
  Dah, you been dashin' me!



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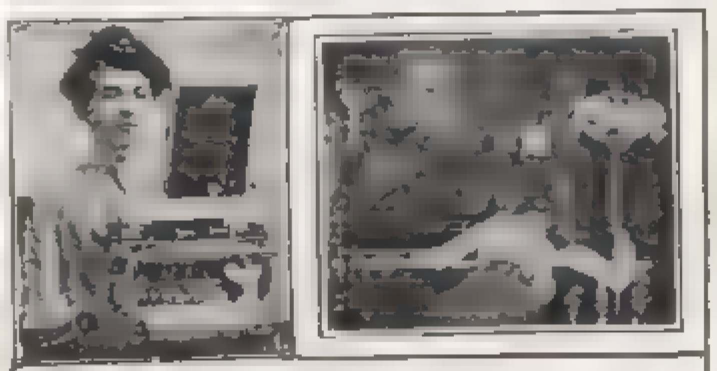

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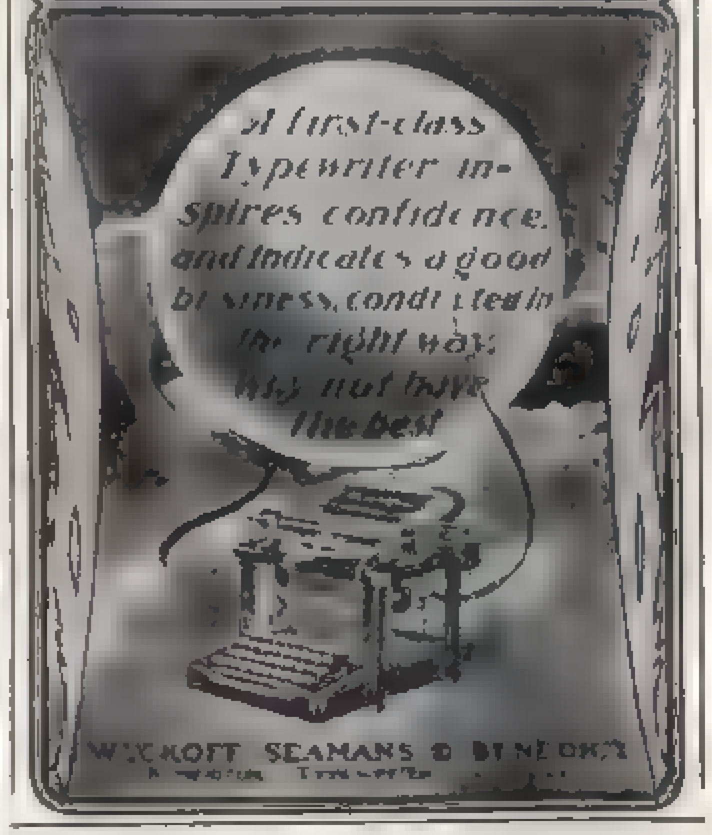

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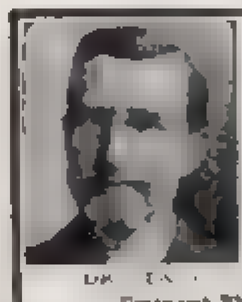

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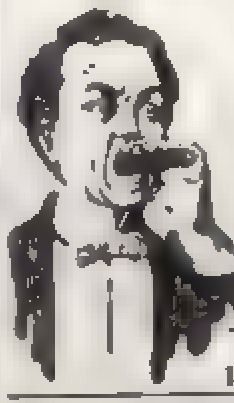

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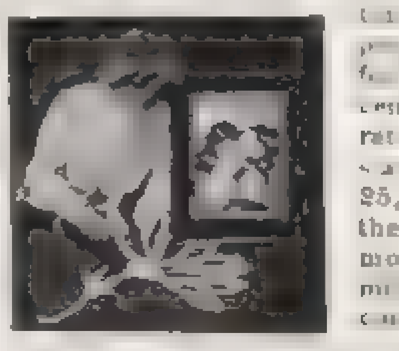

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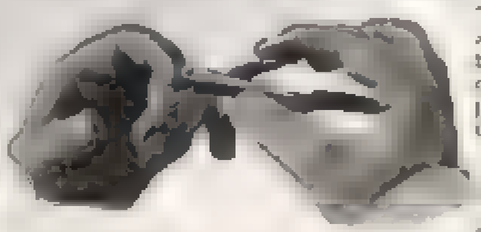

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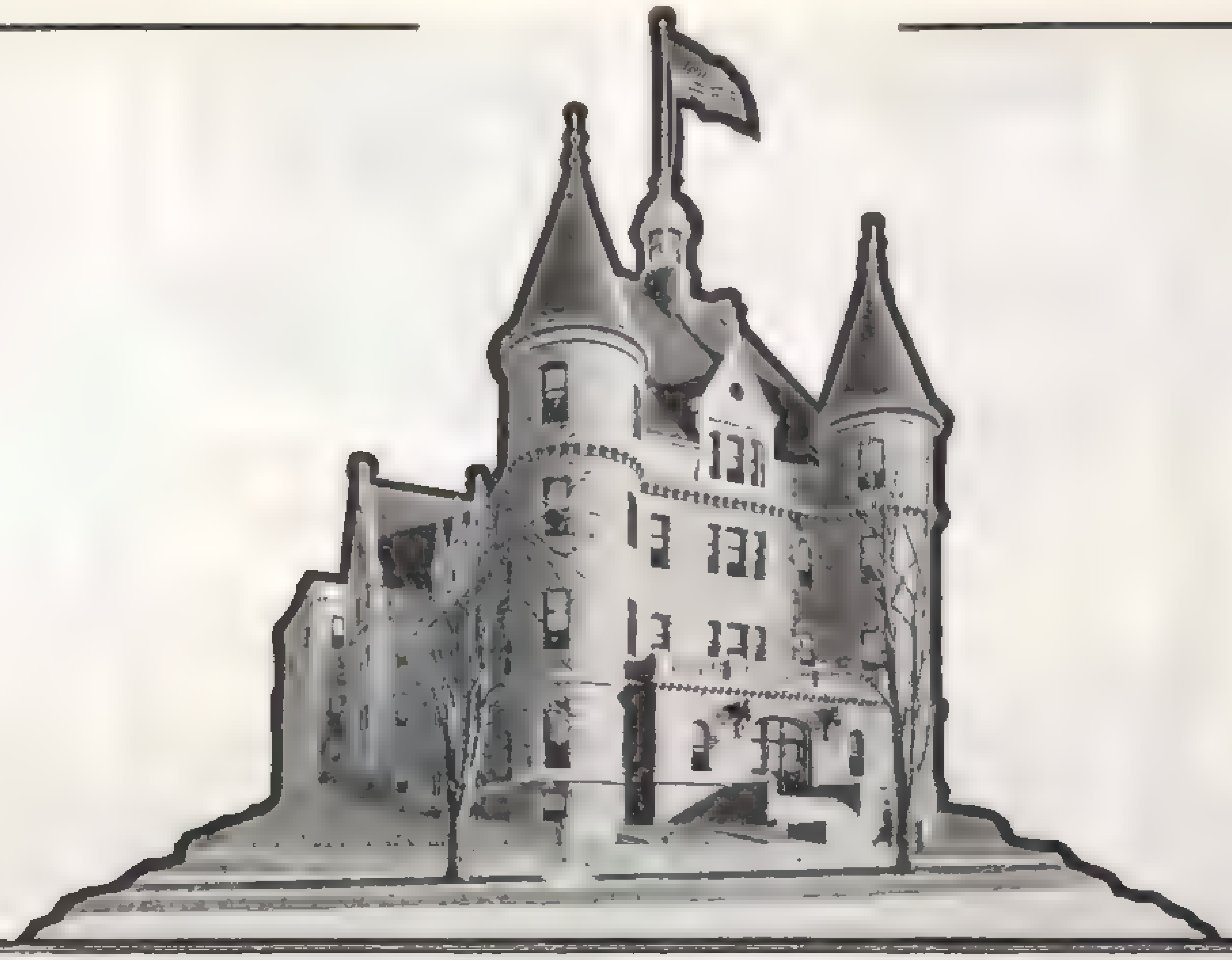

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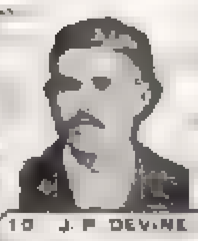
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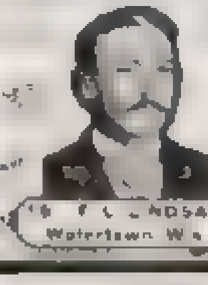
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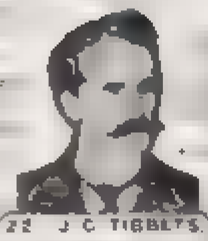
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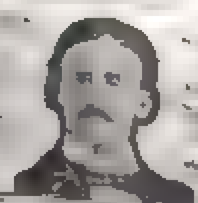
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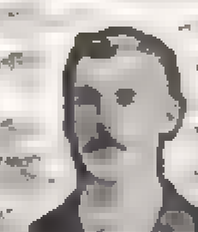
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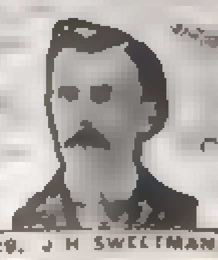
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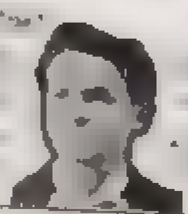
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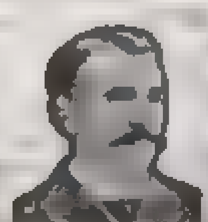
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Between the Lines

THAT extraordinary mining camp of to-day which is known as New York has no Latin Quarter. Boston's artistic life has a sedateness of its own which is untouched by an occasional revel at the Tavern Club. So far as artistic Chicago is concerned, a five o'clock tea at the Little Room appears to outsiders to mark the gayety of professional æstheticism. Philadelphia possesses æsthetic haunts, but not a quarter. In the consulship of Plancus New York had Pfaff's, that much overemphasized beer cellar where Fitz James O'Brien and other Bohemians gathered at sloppy tables. But later, within twenty years, there was to be had a more inspiriting glimpse of Bohemia in New York if one were admitted to the once famous Tile Club.

The Tile Club is suggested by the announcement that the Messrs. Scribner are to issue a collected edition of the works of F. Hopkinson Smith, contractor, builder of sea walls and lighthouses, painter, lecturer and novelist. The mention of this edition brings up the mysterious home of the club on West Tenth Street, opposite the time-honored studio building where F. E. Church and J. G. Brown and various of the elder brethren dwelt at one time or another, and where their successors still ply the brush. But the home of the Tile Club was not to be found so readily.

Hopkinson Smith's First Story

The initiated knew that a grated door which seemed to guard an ordinary areaway really led to a tunnel beneath the houses on the street. Behind these dwellings, completely hidden from view, was a little square brick house. If you were a guest you were admitted by a sable guardian to a room which decidedly had atmosphere. The hearth with the kettle on the hub, the tiles painted by well-known men, the sketches on the walls, the brasses and coppers, and the quaint bits of decoration all bespoke the character of the men who gathered there to paint tiles, and sup and smoke, and exchange stories which ranged in scene from the Balkans to California. Hopkinson Smith, now turned novelist; Edwin A. Abbey, painter of the Holy Grail series, and appointed painter of the coronation; Frederic Dielman, now President of the National Academy of Design, Swain Gifford, W. M. Chase, Frank De Millet, war correspondent and author as well as painter, and Elihu Vedder were among the company.

The central theme was the painting of tiles, but one can imagine the ambrosial flavoring of those nights. And then there were the summer excursions, in a canal-boat most ornately transformed, to Easthampton and elsewhere. But the Tile Club has passed and its fragrant memories are preserved by the members and in sundry printed records wherein Hopkinson Smith took a large part.

It was a magazine article called A Day at Laguerre's which had much to do with launching this lighthouse builder as a writer, but his success brought the penalties of fame. For, finding a little French restaurant on the rustic Bronx where one dined under the trees hard by the little river, he described trees and flowers and river and wine and the charming foreign flavor of the scene with such appreciative eloquence that many followed in his steps. Perhaps it was all that his fancy drew, but later one visitor at least found shabbiness and poor cookery and wine and a malodorous little stream. Possibly the artist's imagination betrayed him. Nevertheless his word picture was a delight, and its success led to the stories and sketches and novels of which The Fortunes of Oliver Horn, presenting as it does a glimpse of artistic Bohemia in New York, is the last — that is, for the present.

Anthony Hope's Impressions of America

Anthony Hope Hawkins, who is also to have such distinction as may lie in a collected edition, will hardly be likely to repeat his visit to America. When he returned to England after his American experiences he is said to have confided to his friends that half the population of the United States was composed of interviewers. As an illustration he is said to have submitted the following specimen of an average conversation

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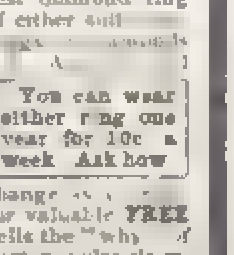

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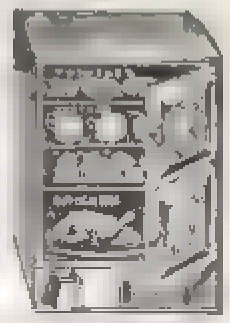

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"Mr. Hawkins, which of your own works do you like best?"

"I don't know. They are all equally bad."

"Is this your first visit to America?"

"Yes."

"Do you find things here very different from England?"

"What a hopeless question! I'm here as a guest and cannot criticise."

And so it went on, from Quarantine until his departure, until Mr. Hawkins came to regard not only the American reporter but the average citizen and citizeness as an animated interrogation point. It would be unjust to Mr. Hawkins, however, to emphasize this feature of his visit, for those who met this clean-cut young barrister-novelist socially found him a most modest and charming companion. It is not generally known that Mr. Hawkins, like Sir Gilbert Parker, has had a try at politics, although less successfully. In 1892 he stood as a Radical candidate for South Bucks and was badly beaten. The spirit has moved him toward another trial, but readers have demanded his books and, although he says "one can't be always writing stories," he has remained loyal to fiction. Formerly his home was with his father, the Vicar of St. Bride's, in London, but he now has chambers in the Savoy Mansions, where he works regularly from ten to four. This does not mean that he produces "copy" with the regularity of a Trollope. Sometimes he glances over papers or a book or lies down to smoke and think. Again a succession of incidents or a flow of dialogue means much more rapid progress than character analysis or description. An idea may be set down on the back of an envelope. The plot of a long story may be sketched on a sheet or two of paper. When the first two or three chapters are thought out they will be written, and then the next chapters planned and written out. The method is very different from the elaborate planning out of the complete novel before the author begins to write, but readers have not complained of any lack of connection and continuity. Oddly enough, he used to find the naming of his characters a source of peculiar difficulty. If he tried to think of names, only those of his friends occurred to him, and for a time he consulted the Law List, but finally fell back on the London Directory, which furnishes copious suggestions. One of the unknown incidents of Mr. Hawkins' career is the fact that the book which made his success, The Prisoner of Zenda, was accepted by two American publishers. At the time, about 1894, he had written A Man of Mark and Mr. Witt's Widow, neither of which had "arrived." The English publisher of Zenda sent advance sheets to two American publishers, both of whom accepted the book. It so happened that the same printing office received the sheets from both for manufacture. There was a comparing of notes, and it was found that one publisher had received the sheets a mail ahead of the other, and had sent his acceptance a day or two earlier, and therefore had a prior claim. *—J. W.*

❧

Through English Glasses

AN ONLOOKER'S NOTE-BOOK *(Harper & Brothers)* is published anonymously, but its author is now known to be Mr. George William Erskine Russell, who formerly gave out Collections and Recollections. His writing proclaims what he is—a man of keen observation, broad experience and wide acquaintance; possessed, too, of that ripe judgment which comes all too rarely with years and never without them. Our author is, besides, a genial philosopher, possessed of a lambent humor, the merry rays of which coruscate but do not scorch.

In the book before us there is material for vast and continued enjoyment. It is a book to be read, as few of us nowadays do read, deliberately and thoroughly. Were it hurried through much of its value would be lost.

The information given is about England, English people, and social conditions in the tight little island, but the observant reader will rarely fail to find an instructive parallel at home. And in this lies the chief value of this collection of reminiscences and comparisons. The author, it is true, in his comparisons of the old and the new, does not always express his approval of the modern, but he inflicts no moaning, cowardly Jeremiads, and to almost every cloud sees, or hopes for, a silver lining. The volume is a mine of anecdote, and contains a large number of delightful descriptions of people and conditions. *—L. deV. Matthewman.*

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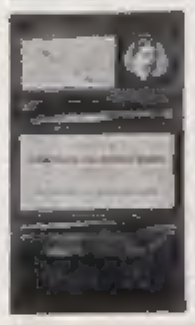

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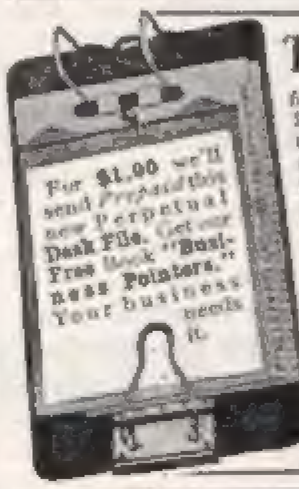
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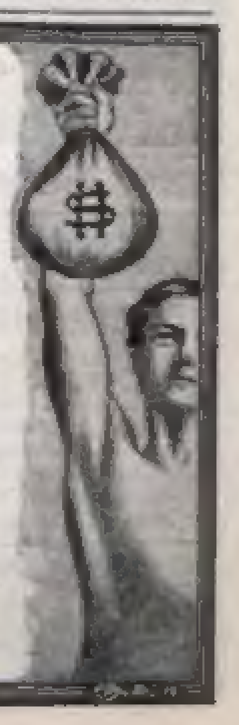

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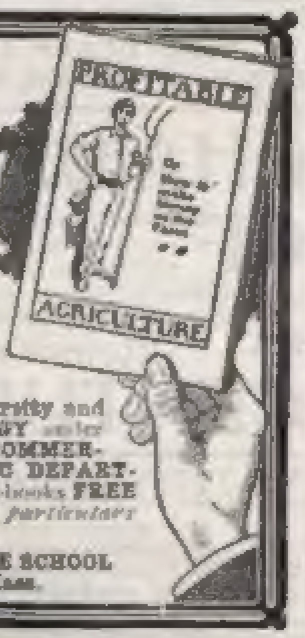

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A SCHOOL FOR BOYS
at Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts

The Last Straw

By Lilian Bell

(Concluded from Page 11)

"Well, promise me that you will send for me if it ever threatens to get too much for you. Don't let them overwhelm you. Promise me!"

"You realize how determined two people like that can be?" said the girl anxiously.

"I do indeed; but not half so determined as you and I can be!"

"How lovely Paris is," she sighed in relief, letting her eyes rove over the loveliness of the scene before them.

"Would you like—could you remain over here for a few years after we are married, and study?"

"You mean that your father is going to let you stay, after all?"

"Yes, I was on my way to tell you to-night when I saw Antoine letting you in."

Annabel gave a sigh of rapture.

When he left her at her own door, and saw that she had entered in safety, she again braced her failing courage to encounter Amos Gowdy and his orchestrion. Finally, however, fearing for her in the ordeal, they decided to say nothing to any one at present and thus they parted.

But Mr. Gowdy was not there. Her mother was, however, and in a state of violent but suppressed excitement. She fluttered about the room like a bird, her beady black eyes snapping with emotion.

Her daughter was so relieved not to be questioned that she was about to slip into her own room, when Mrs. Tappan caught her hand.

"Annabel, I don't know what you will say to me! I'm afraid I've ruined your happiness, to say nothing of your prospects. And after all these years of encouraging you to believe that you were going to queen it in St. Lou-us society, and that that organ—oh, Annabel! You haven't fooled me with your moanings about not wanting to marry Mr. Gowdy, and I know just how you'll cut up and carry on when you know! But I promised him to stand out against your will—for you've got the determination of your poor father and me put together. And I know just how you *can* cry when once you get started. I suppose you'll drown us both out when I tell you. But it was partly your fault, for if you hadn't rushed off to play—that is, I suppose you went to play, though goodness knows I couldn't follow you with Amos here and talking the way he did about my figure and my color being just as high as it was the day I buried your poor father. Just think of his remembering all these years! Dear me, how he did go on! But I might as well out with it and stand all your scoldings; but the fact is that Mr. Gowdy says if you'll give him up without a fuss he'll—well, he says it's me he loves and has all along, only he didn't realize it until I took such an interest in the organ to-night and he found I was just as musical as you, and on that thing I can play even better than you, for it can't make mistakes, and so, if you'll give him up——"

But she got no further, for Annabel sank upon the sofa and shrieked with laughter.

At first Mrs. Tappan thought she was weeping and approached her hurriedly with smelling salts, saying soothingly:

"There, there!"

But when she found that her daughter was laughing so immoderately, she drew herself up in sudden indignation and started to leave the room. But her new-found happiness, added to her customary and unfailing good nature, caused her to repent, and, turning back at the door, she said compassionately:

"Well, there, Annabel, I'm sorry I was short with you. I suppose your laughing at such a sacred thing as marriage, when goodness knows you ought to be crying at having lost such a husband as Amos Gowdy, is just another fool attack of the artistic temperament!"

She paused and, looking at Annabel's convulsed face down which tears of laughter were streaming, she made, out of sheer goodness of heart, one last, strenuous effort to gain her daughter's point of view, but it was of no avail, so she simply said:

"The artistic temperament! Tchk!" and softly closed the door.

* * *

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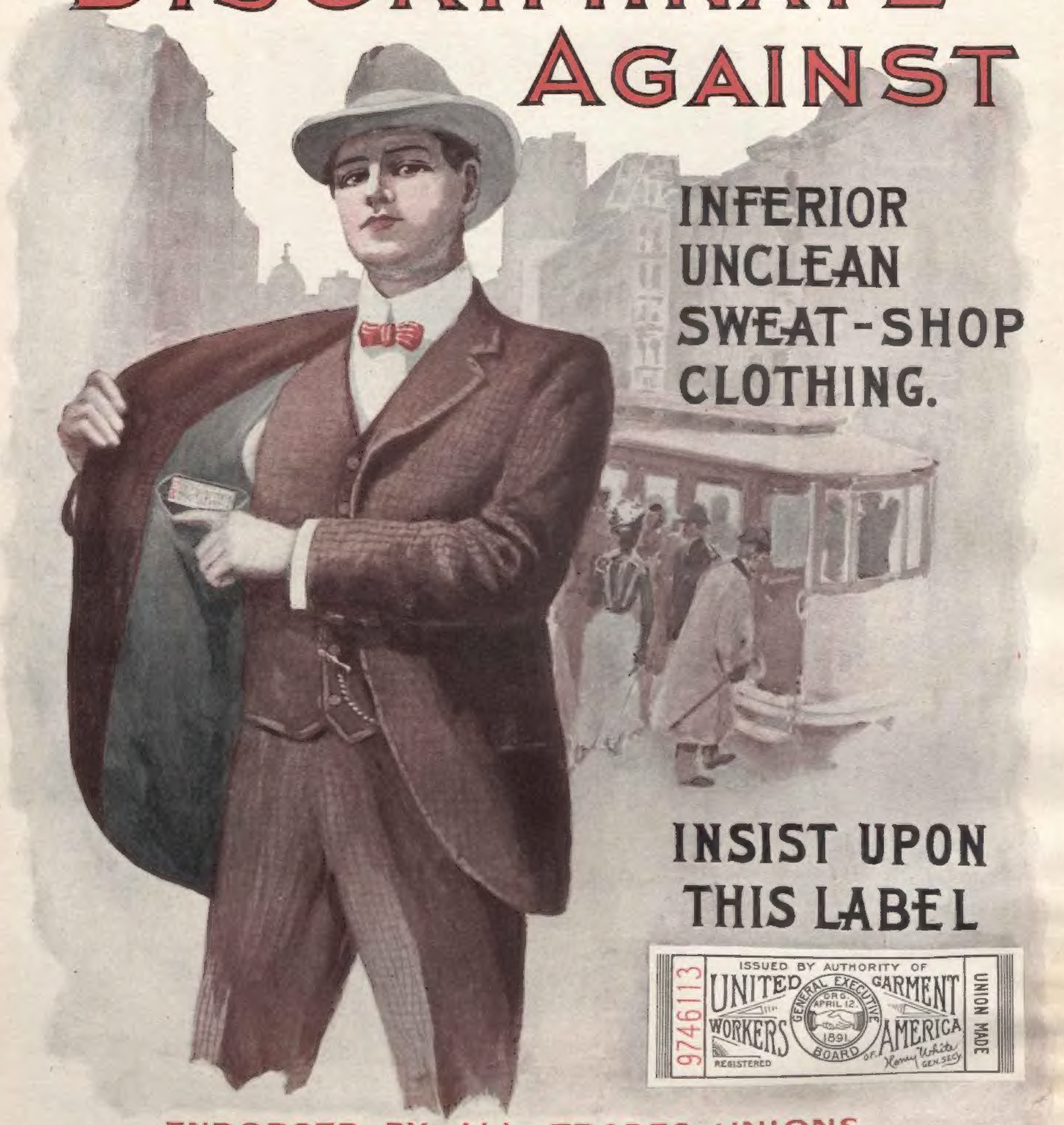
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